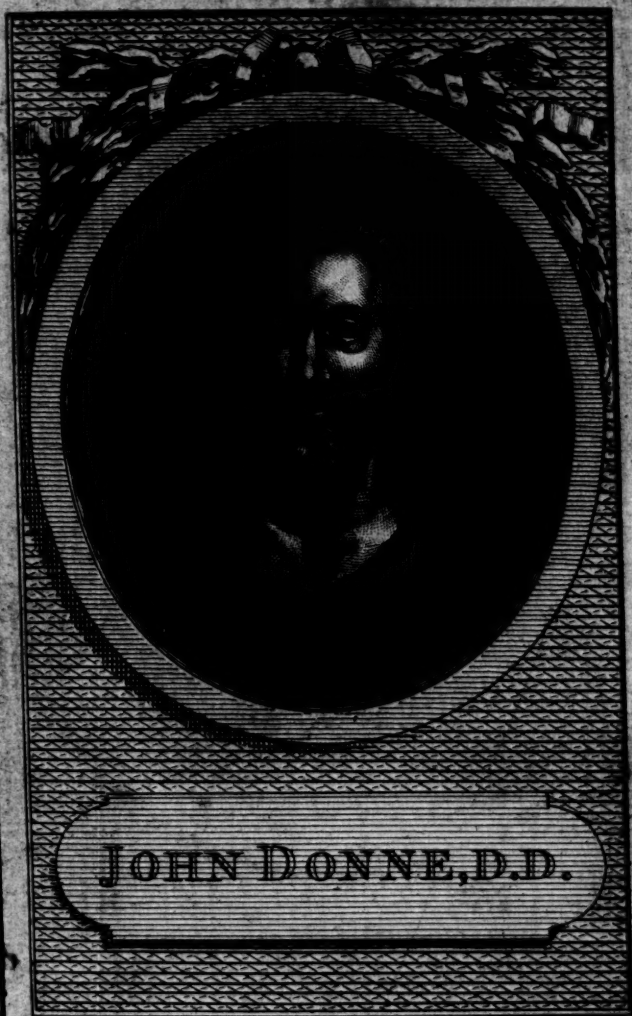
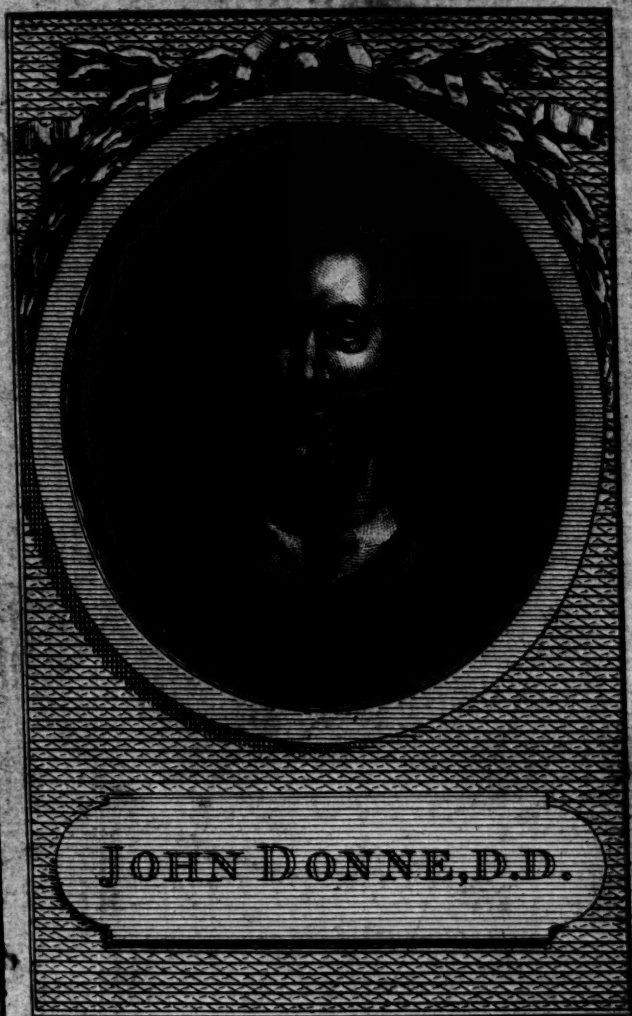




Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand London, 1778.



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Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London. Sept. 24. 1779.



THE *Gal 11 Da*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

DONNE! the delight of Phoebus and each Muse,
Who to thy one all other brains-refuse;
Whose ev'ry work of thy most early wit
Came forth example, and remain so yet;
Longer a-knowing than most wits do live,
And which no affection praise enough can give;
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would,
But leave because I cannot as I should.

BEN. JOHNSON.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S LONDON
IN THREE VOLUMES.
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.



VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

AT THE BOOKS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS
SATIRES AND EPITHALAMIONS.

I will not draw the envy to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all our loss;
Those are too num'rous for an elegie,
And this too great to be express'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen should share a distinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph incise:
Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit:
Here lie two flames, and both those the best,
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.

THO. CARY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE *Apollo Press*, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779. -

THE LIFE OF

DR. JOHN DONNE.

MR. John Donne was born in London, of good and virtuous parents; and though his own learning and other multiplied merits may justly appear sufficient to dignify both himself and his posterity, yet the reader may be pleased to know that his father was lineally descended from a very ancient family in Wales, where many of his name now live, that deserve and have great reputation in that country.

By his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, sometime Lord Chancellor of England; as also from that worthy and laborious Judge Rastall, who left posterity the vast statutes of the law of this nation most exactly abridged.

He had his first breeding in his father's house, where a private tutor had the care of him, until the ninth year of his age, and in his tenth year was sent to the university of Oxford, having at that time a good command both of the French and Latin tongue. This, and some other of his remarkable abilities, made one give this censure of him, That this age had brought forth another Picus Mirandala, of whom story says, that he was rather born than made wise by study.

There he remained in Hart-Hall, having, for the advancement of his studies, tutors of several sciences to attend and instruct him, till time made him capable,

and his learning, expressed in public exercises, declared him worthy, to receive his first degree in the schools, which he forbore by advice from his friends, who, being for their religion of the Romish persuasion, were conscionably averse to some parts of the oath that is always tendered at those times, and not to be refused by those that expect the titular honour of their studies.

About the fourteenth year of his age he was transplanted from Oxford to Cambridge, where, that he might receive nourishment from both soils, he staid till his seventeenth year; all which time he was a most laborious student, often changing his studies, but endeavouring to take no degree, for the reasons formerly mentioned.

About the seventeenth year of his age he was removed to London, and then admitted into Lincoln's-Inn, with an intent to study the law, where he gave great testimonies of his wit, his learning, and of his improvement, in that profession, which never served him for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction.

His father died before his admission into this society; and, being a merchant, left him his portion in money, (it was 3000 *l.*) His mother, and those to whose care he was committed, were watchful to improve his knowledge, and to that end appointed him tutors in the mathematics, and all the liberal sciences, to attend him; but with these arts they were advised to instill particular principles of the Romish church, of which

those tutors professed, tho' secretly, themselves to be members.

They had almost obliged him to their faith, having for their advantage (besides many opportunities) the example of his dear and pious parents, which was a most powerful persuation, and did work much upon him, as he professeth in his Preface to his Pseudo-Martyr, a book of which the reader shall have some account in what follows.

He was now entered into the eighteenth year of his age, and at that time had betrothed himself to no religion that might give him any other denomination than a Christian; and reason and piety had both perswaded him that there could be no such sin as schism, if an adherence to some visible church were not necessary.

He did, therefore, at his entrance into the nineteenth year of his age, (tho' his youth and strength then promised him a long life) yet being unresolved in his religion, he thought it necessary to rectify all scruples that concerned that; and therefore waving the law, and betrothing himself to no art or profession that might justly denominate him, he begun to survey the body of divinity, as it was then controverted betwixt the Reformed and the Roman church; and as God's blessed Spirit did then awaken him to the search, and in that industry did never forsake him, (they be his own words, in his Preface to Pseudo-Martyr) so he calls

the same holy Spirit to witness this protestation, that in that disquisition and search he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himself, and by that which he took to be the safest way, namely, frequent prayers, and an indifferent affection to both parties; and indeed Truth had too much light about her to be hid from so sharp an inquirer, and he had too much ingenuity not to acknowledge he had found her.

Being to undertake this search, he believed the Cardinal Bellarmine to be the best defender of the Roman cause, and therefore betook himself to the examination of his reasons. The cause was weighty, and wilful delays had been inexcusable both towards God and his own conscience; he therefore proceeded in this search with all moderate haste, and before the twentieth year of his age did shew the then Dean of Gloucester (whose name my memory hath now lost) all the Cardinal's works marked with many weighty observations under his own hand, which works were bequeathed by him at his death as a legacy to a most dear friend.

The year following he resolved to travel, and the Earl of Essex going first to Calais, and after the Island voyages, he took the advantage of those opportunities, waited upon his Lordship, and was an eye-witness of those happy and unhappy employments.

But he returned not back into England till he had staid some years first in Italy, and then in Spain, where

he made many useful observations of those countries, their laws, and manner of government, and returned perfect in their languages.

The time that he spent in Spain was at his first going into Italy designed for travelling the Holy Land, and for viewing Jerufalem and the sepulchre of our Saviour; but at his being in the furthest parts of Italy, the disappointment of company, or of a safe convoy, or the uncertainty of returns of money into those remote parts, denied him that happiness, which he did often occasionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his return into England, that exemplary pattern of gravity and wisdom, the Lord Ellesmore, then Keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord Chancellor of England, taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his person and condition, took him to be his chief Secretary, supposing and intending it to be an introduction to some more weighty employment in the state, for which his Lordship did often protest he thought him very fit.

Nor did his Lordship, in this time of Mr. Donne's attendance upon him, account him to be so much his servant as to forget he was his friend; and, to testify it, did always use him with much courtesy, appointing him a place at his own table, to which he esteemed his company and discourse a great ornament. He continued that employment for the space of five years, being daily useful, and not mercenary to

his friends; during which time he (I dare not say unhappily) fell into such a liking as, with her approbation, increased into a love, with a young gentlewoman that lived in that family, who was niece to the Lady Elsmore, and daughter to Sir George Moor, then Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir George had some intimation of it, and knowing prevention to be a great part of wisdom, did therefore remove her with much haste from that to his own house at Lothesley, in the county of Surrey; but too late, by reason of some faithful promises, which were so interchangeably passed as never to be violated by either party.

These promises were only known to themselves, and the friends of both parties used much diligence and many arguments to kill or cool their affections to each other, but in vain; for love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds remove feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire; and such an industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them secretly together, (I forbear to tell how) and to a marriage too, without the allowance of those friends whose approbation always was, and ever will be, necessary to make even a virtuous love become lawful.

And that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall like an unexpected tempest on those that were unwilling to have it so, but that pre-apprehensions might make it the less enormous, it was purposely whispered into the ears of many that it was so, yet by none that could attest it: but to put a period to the jealousies of Sir George, (doubt often begetting more restless thoughts than the certain knowledge of what we fear) the news was in favour to Mr. Donne, and with his allowance made known to Sir George by his honourable friend and neighbour Henry Earl of Northumberland; but it was to Sir George so immeasurably unwelcome, and so transported him, that, as tho' his passion of anger and inconsideration might exceed theirs of love and error, he presently engaged his sister, the Lady Elsemore, to join with him to procure her lord to discharge Mr. Donne of the place he held under his Lordship. This request was followed with violence; and tho' Sir George were remembered that errors might be overpunished, and desired therefore to forbear till second considerations might clear some scruples, yet he became restless until his suit was granted, and the punishment executed: and tho' the Lord Chancellor did not, at Mr. Donne's dismissal, give him such a commendation as the great Emperor Charles V. did of his Secretary Erasmo, when he presented him to his son and successor Philip II. saying, "That in his Erasmo he gave to him a greater gift than all his estate,

“and all the kingdoms which he then resigned to him;” yet he said, “he parted with a friend, and such a secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a subject.”

And yet this physic of Mr. Donne's dismissal was not strong enough to purge out all Sir George's choler, for he was not satisfied till Mr. Donne and his some time compupil in Cambridge that married him, namely, Samuel Brook, (who was after doctor in divinity, and master of Trinity College) and his brother Mr. Christopher Brook, some time Mr. Donne's chamber-fellow in Lincoln's-Inn, who gave Mr. Donne his wife, and witnessed the marriage, were all committed, and to three several prisons.

Mr. Donne was first enlarged, who neither gave rest to his body or brain, nor to any friend in whom he might hope to have an interest, until he had procured an enlargement for his two imprisoned friends.

He was now at liberty, but his days were still cloudy; and being past these troubles, others did still multiply upon him; for his wife was (to her extreme sorrow) detained from him; and tho', with Jacob, he endured not an hard service for her, yet he lost a good one, and was forced to make good his title to her, and to get possession of her, by a long and restless suit in law, which proved troublesome and chargeable to him, whose youth, and travel, and needless bounty, had brought his estate into a narrow compass.

It is observed, and most truly, that silence and submission are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men; and it proved so with Sir George; for these, and a general report of Mr. Donne's merits, together with his winning behaviour, (which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art) these and time had so dispassionated Sir George, that, as the world had approved his daughter's choice, so he also could not but see a more than ordinary merit in his new son; and this at last melted him into so much remorse, (for love and anger are so like agues as to have hot and cold fits, and love in parents, tho' it may be quenched, yet is easily rekindled, and expires not till death denies mankind a natural heat) that he laboured his son's restoration to his place, using to that end both his own and his sister's power to her lord; but with no success; for his answer was, "That tho' he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit to discharge and readmit servants at the request of passionate petitioners."

Sir George's endeavour for Mr. Donne's readmission was by all means to be kept secret: (for men do more naturally reluct for errors than submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgment) but, however, it was not long before Sir George appeared to be so far reconciled as to wish their happiness, and not to deny them his paternal

bleffing, but yet refused to contribute any means that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr. Donne's estate was the greateft part fpent in many and chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience; he out of all employment that might yield a fupport for himfelf and wife, who had been curioufly and plentifully educated; both their natures generous, and accuftomed to confer, and not to receive, courtesies: thefe, and other confiderations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his fufferings, furrounded him with many fad thoughts, and fome apparent apprehenfions of want.

But his sorrows were leffened, and his wants prevented, by the feafonable courtefy of their noble kinfman Sir Francis Wolly of Pirford in Surrey, who entreated them to a cohabitation with him, where they remained with much freedom to themfelves, and equal content to him, for many years; and as their charge increafed, (ſhe had yearly a child) ſo did his love and bounty.

It hath been obſerved by wife and confidering men, that wealth hath feldom been the portion, and never the mark, to diſcover good people; but that almighty God, who diſpoſeth all things wiſely, hath, of his abundant goodneſs, denied it (he only knows why) to many whoſe minds he hath enriched with the greater bleſſings of knowledge and virtue, as the fairer teſtimonies of his love to mankind: and this was the pre-

sent condition of this man of so excellent erudition and endowments, whose necessary and daily expenses were hardly reconcileable with his uncertain and narrow estate: which I mention, for that at this time there was a most generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares, the declaration of which shall be the next employment of my pen.

God hath been so good to his church as to afford it, in every age, some such men to serve at his altar as have been piously ambitious of doing good to mankind; a disposition that is so like to God himself, that it owes itself only to him who takes a pleasure to behold it in his creatures. These times he did bless with many such, some of which still live to be patterns of apostolical charity, and of more than human patience. I have said this, because I have occasion to mention one of them in my following discourse, namely, Dr. Morton, the most laborious and learned Bishop of Durham, one that God hath blessed with perfect Intellectuals, and a cheerful heart, at the age of ninety-four years, and is yet living; one that, in his days of plenty, had so large a heart as to use his large revenue to the encouragement of learning and virtue, and is now (be it spoken with sorrow) reduced to a narrow estate, which he embraces without repining, and still shews the beauty of his mind by so liberal a hand, as if this were an age in which "to-morrow were to care for itself." I have taken a pleasure in giving the reader a short but true cha-

racter of this good man, from whom I received this following relation. He sent to Mr. Donne, and entreated to borrow an hour of his time for a conference the next day. After their meeting there was not many minutes passed before he spake to Mr. Donne to this purpose: "Mr. Donne, the occasion of sending for you is to propose to you what I have often revolved in my own thought since I last saw you, which, nevertheless, I will not do but upon this condition, that you shall not return me a present answer, but forbear three days, and bestow some part of that time in fasting and prayer; and after a serious consideration of what I shall propose, then return to me with your answer. Deny me not, Mr. Donne, for it is the effect of a true love, which I would gladly pay as a debt due for yours to me." This request being granted, the Doctor expressed himself thus, *namus Cito quodam bonum est benevolentiam* "Mr. Donne, I know your education and abilities; I know your expectation of a state-employment; and I know your fitness for it; and I know, too, the many delays and contingencies that attend court promises; and, let me tell you, my love begot by our long friendship, our familiarity, and your merits, hath prompted me to such an inquisition of your present temporal estate, as makes me no stranger to your necessities, which are such as your generous spirit could not bear, if it were not supported with a pious patience,

" You know I have formerly persuaded you to wave
 " your court hopes, and enter into holy orders, which
 " I now again persuade you to embrace, with this
 " reason added to my former request; the King hath
 " yesterday made me Dean of Gloucester, and I am
 " possessed of a benefice, the profits of which are equal
 " to those of my deanery; I will think my deanery
 " enough for my maintenance, (who am and resolve
 " to die a single man) and will quit my benefice, and
 " estate you in it, (which the patron is willing I shall
 " do) if God shall incline your heart to embrace this
 " motion. Remember, Mr. Donne, no man's educa-
 " tion or parts make him too good for this employ-
 " ment, which is to be an ambassador for the God
 " of glory, who by a vile death opened the gates of
 " life to mankind. Make me no present answer, but
 " remember your promise, and return to me the
 " third day with your resolution."

At the hearing of this Mr. Donne's faint breath
 and perplexed countenance gave a visible testimony of
 an inward conflict; but he performed his promise,
 and departed without returning an answer till the
 third day, and then it was to this effect:

" My most worthy and most dear friend, since I
 " saw you I have been faithful to my promise, and
 " have also meditated much of your great kindness,
 " which hath been such as would exceed even my gra-
 " titude, but that it cannot do, and more I cannot re-

" turn you, and I do that with an heart full of humili-
 " ty and thanks, tho' I may not accept of your of-
 " fer : but, Sir, my refusal is not for that I think my-
 " self too good for that calling, for which kings, if
 " they think so, are not good enough ; nor for that
 " my education and learning, tho' not eminent, may
 " not, being assisted with God's grace and humility,
 " render me in some measure fit for it ; but I dare
 " make so dear a friend as you are my confessor. Some
 " irregularities of my life have been so visible to some
 " men, that tho' I have, I thank God, made my peace
 " with him by penitential resolutions against them,
 " and by the assistance of his grace banished them
 " my affections, yet this, which God knows to be so,
 " is not so visible to man as to free me from their
 " censures, and, it may be, that sacred calling from a
 " dishonour ; and, besides, whereas it is determined by
 " the best of casuists, that God's glory should be the
 " first end, and a maintenance the second motive, to
 " embrace that calling ; and tho' each man may pro-
 " pose to himself both together, yet the first may not
 " be put last without a violation of conscience, which
 " he that searches the heart will judge. And truly
 " my present condition is such, that if I ask my own
 " conscience whether it be reconcileable to that rule,
 " it is at this time so perplexed about it, that I can
 " neither give myself nor you an answer. You know ;
 " Sir, who says, " Happy is that man whose con-

"science doth not accuse him for that thing which he
 "does." To these I might add other reasons that dis-
 "suade me; but I crave your favour that I may for-
 "bear to express them, and thankfully decline your
 "offer."

This was his present resolution; but the heart of
 man is not in his own keeping, and he was destined
 to this sacred service by an higher hand, a hand so
 powerful, as at last forced him to a compliance; of
 which I shall give the reader an account before I shall
 give a rest to my pen.

Mr. Donne and his wife continued with Sir Francis
 Wolley till his death, a little before which time Sir
 Francis was so happy as to make a perfect reconcilia-
 tion betwixt Sir George and his forsaken son and
 daughter, Sir George conditioning, by bond, to pay to
 Mr. Donne 800 *l.* at a certain day, as a portion with
 his wife, or 20 *l.* quarterly for their maintenance,
 as the interest for it, till the said portion was paid.

Most of those years that he lived with Sir Francis
 he studied the Civil and Canon laws, in which he ac-
 quired such a perfection as was judged to hold pro-
 portion with many who had made that study the em-
 ployment of their whole life.

Sir Francis being dead, and that happy family dis-
 solved, Mr. Donne took for himself an house in Mi-
 cham, near to Croydon in Surrey, a place noted for
 good air and choice company: there his wife and chil-

dren remained; and for himself he took lodgings in London, near to Whitehall, whither his friends and occasions drew him very often, and where he was as often visited by many of the nobility and others of this nation, who used him in their counsels of greatest consideration.

Nor did our own nobility only value and favour him, but his acquaintance and friendship was sought for by most ambassadors of foreign nations, and by many other strangers, whose learning or business occasioned their stay in this nation.

He was much importuned by many friends to make his constant residence in London; but he still denied it, having settled his dear wife and children at Micham, and near some friends that were bountiful to them and him; for they, God knows, needed it: and that you may the better now judge of the then present condition of his mind and fortune, I shall present you with an extract, collected out of some few of his many letters.

“ And the reason why I did not send an
“ answer to your last week’s letter was, because it
“ found me under too great a sadness; and at present
“ ’tis thus with me: there is not one person but my-
“ self well of my family. I have already lost half a
“ child, and with that mischance of her’s my wife is
“ fallen into such a discomposure as would afflict her
“ too extremely, but that the sickness of all her chil-

“dren stupifies her, of one of which, in good faith, I
 “have not much hope; and these meet with a for-
 “tune so ill provided for physic, and such relief, that if
 “God should ease us with burials, I know not how to
 “perform even that; but I flatter myself with this
 “hope, that I am dying too; for I cannot waste faster
 “than by such griefs. As for—

From my Hospital at Micham,

Aug. 10.

JOHN DONNE.”

Thus he did bemoan himself; and thus in other
 letters.

“For we hardly discover a sin when it is but
 “an omission of some good, and no accusing act :
 “with this or the former I have often suspected my-
 “self to be overtaken; which is, with an over-earnest
 “desire of the next life : and tho’ I know it is not
 “merely a weariness of this, because I had the same
 “desire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fair-
 “er hopes than I now do, yet I doubt worldly trou-
 “bles have increased it. ’Tis now spring, and all the
 “pleasures of it displease me : every other tree blos-
 “soms, and I wither; I grow bolder, and not better ;
 “my strength diminisheth, and my load grows hea-
 “vier; and yet I would fain be or do something; but
 “that I cannot tell what is no wonder in this time of
 “my sadness; for to chuse is to do, but to be no part of
 “my body is as to be nothing; and so I am, and shall
 “so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated

“ into a part of the world, as by business to contribute
“ some sustentation to the whole. This I made ac-
“ count; I began early when I understood the study
“ of our laws, but was diverted by leaving that and
“ embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptic
“ immoderate desire of human learning and langua-
“ ges; beautiful ornaments, indeed, to men of great
“ fortunes, but mine was grown so low as to need an
“ occupation, which I thought I entered well into
“ when I subjected myself to such a service as I thought
“ might exercise my poor abilities; and there I stum-
“ bled, and fell too; and now I am become so little,
“ or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good
“ enough for one of my own letters.——I fear my
“ present discontent does not proceed from a good
“ root, that I am so well content to be nothing, that
“ is, dead. But, Sir, tho’ my fortune hath made me
“ such, as that I am rather a sickness or a disease of
“ the world than any part of it, and therefore neither
“ love it nor life, yet I would gladly live to become
“ some such thing as you should not repent loving
“ me. Sir, your own soul cannot be more zealous of
“ your good than I am; and God, who loves that zeal
“ in me, will not suffer you to doubt it. You would
“ pity me now if you saw me write, for my pain hath
“ drawn my head so much awry, and holds it so, that
“ my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive
“ you into my prayers with mine own weary soul,

“and commend myself to your’s. I doubt not but
 “next week will bring you good news, for I have
 “either mending or dying on my side: but if I do
 “continue longer thus, I shall have comfort in this,
 “that my blessed Saviour, in exercising his justice up-
 “on my two worldly parts, my fortune and my body,
 “reserves all his mercy for that which most needs it,
 “my soul; that is, I doubt, too like a porter, which
 “is very often near the gate, and yet goes not out.
 “Sir, I profess to you truly that my loathness to give
 “over writing now seems to myself a sign that I shall
 “write no more.—

Your poor friend, and God’s poor patient,

Sept. 7. JOHN DONNE.”

By this you have seen a part of the picture of his narrow fortune, and the perplexities of his generous mind, and thus it continued with him for about two years, all which time his family remained constantly at Micham, and to which place he often retired himself, and destined some days to a constant study of some points of controversy betwixt the English and Roman church, and especially those of supremacy and allegiance; and to that place, and such studies, he could willingly have wedded himself during his life: but the earnest persuasion of friends became at last to be so powerful as to cause the removal of himself and family to London, where Sir Robert Drewry, a gentleman of very noble estate, and a more liberal mind,

assigned him a very choice and useful house rent-free, next to his own, in Drury Lane; and was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathized with him and his in all their joy and sorrows.

Many of the nobility were watchful and solicitous to the King for some secular preferment for him: his Majesty had formerly both known and put a value upon his company, and had also given him some hopes of a state employment, being always much pleased when Mr. Donne attended him, especially at his meals, where there were usually many deep discourses of general learning, and very often friendly debates or disputes of religion betwixt his Majesty and those divines whose places required their attendance on him at those times; particularly the Dean of the Chapel, who then was Bishop Montague, the publisher of the learned and eloquent works of his Majesty, and the most reverend Dr. Andrews, the late learned Bishop of Winchester, who then was the King's Almoner.

About this time there grew many disputes that concerned the oath of supremacy and allegiance, in which the King had appeared and engaged himself by his public writings now extant; and his Majesty discoursing with Mr. Donne concerning many of the reasons which are usually urged against the taking of those oaths, apprehended such a validity and clearness in his stating the questions, and his answers to them, that his Majesty commanded him to bestow some time

in drawing the arguments into a method, and then write his answers to them; and having done that, not to send, but be his own messenger, and bring them to him. To this he presently applied himself, and within six weeks brought them to him under his own hand-writing, as they be now printed, the book bearing the name of Pseudo-Martyr.

When the King had read and considered that book, he persuaded Mr. Donne to enter into the ministry, to which at that time he was and appeared very unwilling, apprehending it (such was his mistaking modesty) to be too weighty for his abilities; and though his Majesty had promised him a favour, and many persons of worth mediated with his Majesty for some secular employment for him, to which his education had apted him, and particularly the Earl of Somerset, when in his height of favour, who being then at Theobald's with the King, where one of the Clerks of the Council died that night, and the Earl having sent for Mr. Donne to come to him immediately, said, "Mr. Donne, to testify the reality of my affection, and my purpose to prefer you, stay in this garden till I go up to the King and bring you word that you are Clerk of the Council: doubt not my doing this, for I know the King loves you, and will not deny me." But the King gave a positive denial to all requests; and, having a discerning spirit, replied, "I know Mr. Donne is a learned man, has the

“abilities of a learned divine, and will prove a powerful preacher, and my desire is to prefer him that way.” After that time, as he professeth *, the King descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation, of him to enter into sacred orders; which tho’ he then denied not, yet he deferred it for almost three years; all which time he applied himself to an incessant study of textual divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned languages, Greek and Hebrew.

In the first and most blessed times of Christianity, when the clergy were looked upon with reverence, and deserved it; when they overcame their opposers by high examples of virtue, by a blessed patience and long-suffering, those only were then judged worthy the ministry whose quiet and meek spirits did make them look upon that sacred calling with an humble adoration, and fear to undertake it, which indeed requires such great degrees of humility, and labour, and care, that none but such were then thought worthy of that celestial dignity; and such only were then sought out, and solicited to undertake it: this I have mentioned, because forwardness and inconsideration could not in Mr Donne, as in many others, be an argument of insufficiency or unfitness; for he had considered long, and had many strifes within himself concerning the strictness of life and competency of learning required in such as enter into sacred orders; and,

* In his book of Devotions.

Doubtless, considering his own demerits, did humbly ask God, with St. Paul, "Lord, who is sufficient for these things?" and, with meek Moses, "Lord, who am I?" And sure if he had consulted with flesh and blood he had not put his hand to that holy plough. But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him, as the angel did with Jacob, and marked him; marked him for his own; marked him with a blessing; a blessing of obedience to the motions of his blessed Spirit; and then, as he had formerly asked God, with Moses, "Who am I?" so now, being inspired with an apprehension of God's particular mercy to him, in the King's and others' solicitations of him, he came to ask King David's thankful question, "Lord, who am I, that thou art so mindful of me?" so mindful of me, as to lead me for more than forty years through this wilderness of the many temptations and various turnings of a dangerous life; so merciful to me, as to move the learnedest of kings to descend to move me to serve at thy altar; so merciful to me, as at last to move my heart to embrace this holy motion: thy motions I will and do embrace; and I now say, with the blessed Virgin, "Be it with thy servant as seemeth best in thy sight:" and so, blessed Jesus, I do take the cup of salvation, and will call upon thy name, and will preach thy gospel: *ut Christo laudemus* Such strifes as these St. Austin had when St. Ambrose endeavoured his conversion to Christianity,

with which he confesseth he acquainted his friend Alipius. Our learned Author (a man fit to write after no mean copy) did the like; and declaring his intentions to his dear friend Dr. King, then Bishop of London, a man famous in his generation, and no stranger to Mr. Donne's abilities, (for he had been chaplain to the Lord Chancellor at the time of Mr. Donne's being his Lordship's secretary) that reverend man did receive the news with much gladness; and after some expressions of joy, and a persuasion to be constant in his pious purpose, he proceeded with all convenient speed to ordain him both Deacon and Priest.

Now the English church had gained a second St. Austin, for I think none was so like him before his conversion; none so like St. Ambrose after it; and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other, the learning and holiness of both.

And now all his studies, which had been occasionally diffused, were all concentrated in divinity: now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new employment for his wit and eloquence: now all his earthly affections were changed into divine love, and all the faculties of his own soul were engaged in the conversion of others, in preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners, and peace to each troubled soul; to these he applied himself with all

care and diligence: and now such a change was wrought in him, that he could say with David, "Oh! how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts!" Now he declared openly, that when he required a temporal God gave him a spiritual blessing; and that he was now gladder to be a door-keeper in the house of God than he could be to enjoy the noblest of all temporal employments.

Presently after he entered into his holy profession the King sent for him, and made him his chaplain in ordinary, and promised to take a particular care for his preferment.

And though his long familiarity with scholars, and persons of greatest quality, was such as might have given some men boldness enough to have preached to any eminent auditory, yet his modesty in this employment was such, that he could not be persuaded to it, but went, usually accompanied with some one friend, to preach privately in some village not far from London, his first sermon being preached at Paddington: this he did till his Majesty sent and appointed him a day to preach to him at Whitehall, and though much were expected from him, both by his Majesty and others, yet he was so happy, which few are, as to satisfy and exceed their expectations, preaching the word so, as shewed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to instill into others: a preacher in earnest, weeping sometimes for

his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a virtue so as to make it be beloved even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an inexpressible addition of comeliness.

There may be some that may incline to think (such indeed as have not heard him) that my affection to my friend hath transported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching: if this meets with any such, let me entreat, though I will omit many, yet that they will receive a double witness for what I say, it being attested by a gentleman of worth, (Mr. Chidley, a frequent hearer of his sermons) being part of a funeral eulogy writ by him on Dr. Donne, and a known truth, though it be in verse.

----- Each altar had his fire.-----

He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it;
Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To piety, which it doth best become.-----
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dress?
Have you known crimes so shap'd? or loveliness
Such as his lips did clothe religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty passing sin?
Corrupted Nature sorrow'd when she stood
So near the danger of becoming good,
And wish'd our so inconstant ears exempt
From piety that had such pow'r to tempt.
Did not his sacred flattery beguile
Man to amend?-----

More of this, and more witnesses, might be brought; but I forbear, and return.

That summer, in the very same month in which he entered into sacred orders, and was made the King's chaplain, his Majesty then going his progress, was entertained to receive an entertainment in the university of Cambridge; and Mr. Donne attending his Majesty at that time, his Majesty was pleased to recommend him to the University, to be made Doctor in Divinity. Dr. Harinet (after Archbishop of York) was then Vice-Chancellor, who knowing him to be the author of that learned book the Pseudo-Martyr, required no other proof of his abilities, but proposed it to the University, who presently assented, and expressed a gladness that they had such an occasion to entitle him to be theirs.

His abilities and industry in his profession were so eminent, and he so known and so beloved by persons of quality, that within the first year of his entering into sacred orders he had fourteen advowsons of several benefices presented to him; but they were in the country, and he could not leave his beloved London, to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and there contracted a friendship with many whose conversation multiplied the joys of his life; but an employment that might affix him to that place would be welcome, for he needed it.

Immediately after his return from Cambridge his wife died, leaving him a man of an unsettled estate, and (having buried five) the careful father of seven children then living, to whom he gave a voluntary assurance never to bring them under the subjection of a stepmother, which promise he kept most faithfully, burying with his tears all his earthly joys in his most dear and deserving wife's grave, betaking himself to a most retired and solitary life.

In this retiredness, which was often from the sight of his dearest friends, he became crucified to the world, and all those vanities, those imaginary pleasures, that are daily acted on that restless stage, and they crucified to him. Nor is it hard to think (seeing passions may be both changed and heightened by accidents) but that that abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her, who had long been the delight of his eyes, the companion of his youth; her with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears, as common people are not capable of; she being now removed by death, a commensurable grief took as full a possession of him as joy had done; and so indeed it did; for now his very soul was elemented of nothing but sadness; now grief took for full a possession of his heart as to leave no place for joy; if it did, it was a joy to be alone, where, like a pelican in the wilderness, he might bemoan himself without witness or restraint, and pour forth his pas-

sions like Job in the days of his affliction, "Oh that I might have the desire of my heart! oh that God would grant the thing that I long for!" For then, as the grave is become her house, so I would hasten to make it mine also, "that we two might there make our beds together in the dark." Thus, as the Israelites fate mourning by the rivers of Babylon, when they remembered Sion, so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrows: thus he began the day and ended the night; ended the restless night and began the weary day in lamentations; and thus he continued till a consideration of his new engagements to God, and St. Paul's "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel," dispersed those sad clouds that had now benighted his hopes, and forced him to behold the light.

His first motion from his house was to preach where his beloved wife lay buried, in St. Clement's church, near Temple-Bar, London; and his text was a part of the prophet Jeremy's Lamentation, "Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction."

And indeed his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man; and they, with the addition of his sighs and tears, expressed in his sermon, did so work upon the affections of his hearers as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadness, and so they left the congregation: but then their houses presented them with objects of diversion, and his pre-

sent him with no diversions, but with fresh objects of sorrow, in beholding many helpless children, a narrow fortune, and a consideration of the many cares and casualties that attend their education.

In this time of sadness he was importuned by the grave Benchers of Lincoln's-Inn, once the friends of his youth, to accept of their lecture, which by reason of Dr. Gataker's removal from thence was then void; of which he accepted, being most glad to renew his intermitted friendship with those whom he so much loved, and where he had been a Saul, though not to persecute Christianity, or to deride it, yet in his irregular youth to neglect the visible practice of it, there to become a Paul, and preach salvation to his beloved brethren.

And now his life was as a shining light among his old friends: now he gave an ocular testimony of the strictness and regularity of it: now he might say, as St. Paul adviseth his Corinthians, "Be ye followers of me, as I follow Christ, and walk as ye have me for an example;" not the example of a busy-body, but of a contemplative, a harmless, an humble, and an holy life and conversation.

The love of that noble society was expressed to him many ways; for besides fair lodgings that were set apart and newly furnished for him with all necessaries, other courtesies were daily added; indeed so many, and so freely, as if they meant their gratitude should

exceed his merits; and in this love-strife of desert and liberality they continued for the space of two years, he preaching faithfully and constantly to them, and they liberally requiting him. About which time the Emperor of Germany died, and the Palgrave, who had lately married the Lady Elizabeth, the King's only daughter, was elected and crowned king of Bohemia, the unhappy beginning of many miseries in that nation.

King James, whose motto, *Beati pacifici*, did truly speak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavoured first to prevent, and after to compose, the discords of that discomposed state; and, amongst other his endeavours, did then send the Lord Hay, Earl of Doncaster, his ambassador to those unsettled princes; and, by a special command from his Majesty, Dr. Donne was appointed to assist and attend that employment to the princes of the union; for which the Earl was most glad, who had always put a great value on him, and taken a great pleasure in his conversation and discourse; and his friends of Lincoln's-Inn were as glad; for they feared that his immoderate study, and sadness for his wife's death, would, as Jacob said, make his days few, and, respecting his bodily health, evil too; and of this there were some visible signs.

At his going he left his friends of Lincoln's-Inn, and they him, with many reluctations; for though he could not say, as St. Paul to his Ephesians, "Behold,

"you to whom I have preached the kingdom of God shall from henceforth see my face no more," yet he, believing himself to be in a consumption, questioned, and they feared it; all concluding that his troubled mind, with the help of his unintermitted studies, hastened the decays of his weak body. God turned it to the best; for this employment (to say nothing of the event of it) did not only divert him from those too serious studies and sad thoughts, but seemed to give him a new life, by a true occasion of joy, to be an eye-witness of the health of his most dear and most honoured mistress, the Queen of Bohemia, in a foreign nation, and to be a witness of that gladness which she expressed to see him, who having formerly known him a courtier, was much joyed to see him in a canonical habit, and more glad to be an ear-witness of his excellent and powerful preaching.

About fourteen months after his departure out of England he returned to his friends of Lincoln's-Inn with his sorrows moderated, and his health improved, and there betook himself to his constant course of preaching.

About a year after his return out of Germany Dr. Cary was made Bishop of Exeter, and by his removal the Deanery of St. Paul's being vacant, the King sent to Dr. Donne, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his Majesty was late down, before he had ate any meat, he said, after his pleasant manner,

“ Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and tho’
“ you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of
“ a dish that I know you love well; for knowing you
“ love London, I do therefore make you Dean of
“ Paul’s; and when I have dined, then do you take
“ your beloved dish home to your study; say grace
“ there to yourself, and much good may it do you.”

Immediately after he came to his deanery he employed workmen to repair and beautify the chapel, suffering, as holy David once vowed, his eyes and temples to take no rest till he had first beautified the house of God.

The next quarter following, when his father-in-law, Sir George Moor, (whom time had made a lover and admirer of him) came to pay to him the conditioned sum of twenty pounds, he refused to receive it, and said, as good Jacob did, when he heard his beloved son Joseph was alive, “ It is enough;” you have been kind to me and mine: I know your present condition is such as not to abound; and I hope mine is or will be such as not to need it: I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract; and in testimony of it freely gave him up his bond.

Immediately after his admission into his deanery the vicarage of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, London, fell to him by the death of Dr. White, the advowson of it having been given to him long before by his ho-

nourable friend Richard Earl of Dorset, then the patron, and confirmed by his brother, the late deceased Edward, both of them men of much honour.

By these, and another ecclesiastical endowment, which fell to him about the same time, given to him formerly by the Earl of Kent, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor, and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children, that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their or his profession and quality.

The next parliament, which was within that present year, he was chosen Prolocutor to the Convocation, and about that time was appointed by his Majesty, his most gracious master, to preach very many occasional sermons, as at St. Paul's Cross, and other places; all which employments he performed to the admiration of the representative body of the whole clergy of this nation.

He was once, and but once, clouded with the King's displeasure, and it was about this time, which was occasioned by some malicious whisperer, who had told his Majesty that Dr. Donne had put on the general humour of the pulpits, and was become busy in insinuating a fear of the King's inclining to Popery, and a dislike of his government; and particularly for his then turning the evening lectures into catechising, and expounding the Prayer of our Lord, and of the

Belief and Commandments. His Majesty was the more inclinable to believe this, for that a person of nobility and great note, betwixt whom and Dr. Donne there had been a great friendship, was at this very time discarded the court, (I shall forbear his name, unless I had a fairer occasion) and justly committed to prison, which begot many rumours in the common people, who in this nation think they are not wise unless they be busy about what they understand not, and especially about religion.

The King received this news with so much discontent and restlessness, that he would not suffer the sun to set and leave him under this doubt, but sent for Dr. Donne, and required his answer to the accusation, which was so clear and satisfactory, that the King said "he was right glad he rested no longer under the suspicion." When the King had said this, Dr. Donne kneeled down and thanked his Majesty, and protested his answer was faithful and free from all collusion, and therefore desired that he might not rise till, as in like cases he always had from God, so he might have from his Majesty, some assurance that he stood clear and fair in his opinion. Then the King raised him from his knees with his own hands, and protested he believed him; and that he knew he was an honest man, and doubted not but that he loved him truly: and having thus dismissed him, he called some lords

of his council into his chamber, and said, with much earnestness, " My Doctor is an honest man; and, my
" Lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer
" than he hath now made me; and I always rejoice
" when I think that by my means he became a divine."

He was made Dean the fiftieth year of his age, and in his fifty-fourth year a dangerous sickness seized him, which inclined him to a consumption; but God, as Job thankfully acknowledged, preserved his spirit, and kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect as when that sickness first seized his body: but it continued long, and threatened him with death, which he dreaded not.

In this distemper of body his dear friend Dr. Henry King, then chief residentiary of that church, and late Bishop of Chichester, a man generally known by the clergy of this nation, and as generally noted for his obliging nature, visited him daily; and observing that his sickness rendered his recovery doubtful, he chose a seasonable time to speak to him to this purpose.

" Mr. Dean, I am, by your favour, no stranger to
" your temporal estate, and you are no stranger to
" the offer lately made us for the renewing a lease of
" the best prebends corps belonging to our church;
" and you know it was denied, for that our tenant,
" being very rich, offered to fine at so low a rate as
" held not proportion with his advantages; but I will

“ either raise him to an higher sum, or procure that
 “ the other residentiaries shall join to accept of what
 “ was offered: one of these I can and will, by your fa-
 “ vour, do without delay, and without any trouble
 “ either to your body or mind: I beseech you to ac-
 “ cept of my offer, for I know it will be a consider-
 “ able addition to your present estate, which I know
 “ needs it.”

To this, after a short pause, and raising himself upon
 his bed, he made this reply.

“ My most dear friend! I most humbly thank you
 “ for your many favours, and this in particular; but
 “ in my present condition I shall not accept of your
 “ proposal, for, doubtless, there is such a sin as sacri-
 “ lege; if there were not, it could not have a name
 “ in Scripture; and the primitive clergy were watch-
 “ ful against all appearances of that evil; and indeed
 “ then all Christians looked upon it with horror and
 “ detestation, judging it to be even an open defiance
 “ of the power and providence of almighty God, and
 “ a sad presage of a declining religion. But instead of
 “ such Christians, who had selected times set apart to
 “ fast and pray to God for a pious clergy; which
 “ they then did obey, our times abound with men
 “ that are busy and litigious about trifles and church-
 “ ceremonies, and yet so far from scrupling sacri-
 “ lege, that they make not so much as a quere what

“ it is; but I thank God I have; and dare not now
“ upon my sick-bed, when almighty God hath made
“ me useless to the service of the church, make any
“ advantages out of it : but if he shall again restore
“ me to such a degree of health as again to serve at
“ his altar, I shall then gladly take the reward which
“ the bountiful benefactors of this church have de-
“ signed me; for, God knows, my children and rela-
“ tions will need it; in which number my mother
“ (whose credulity and charity has contracted a very
“ plentiful to a very narrow estate) must not be for-
“ gotten. But, Dr. King, if I recover not, that little
“ worldly estate that I shall leave behind me (that
“ very little, when divided into eight parts) must, if
“ you deny me not so charitable a favour, fall into your
“ hands, as my most faithful friend and executor, of
“ whose care and justice I make no more doubt than
“ of God’s blessing on that which I have conscien-
“ tiously collected for them; but it shall not be aug-
“ mented on my sick-bed; and this I declare to be my
“ unalterable resolution.”

The reply to this was only a promise to observe his request.

Within a few days his distempers abated; and as his strength increased so did his thankfulness to almighty God, testified in his most excellent book of Devotions, which he published at his recovery; in which the reader

may see the most secret thoughts that then possessed his soul paraphrased and made public; a book that may not unfitly be called a Sacred Picture of Spiritual Ecstasies, occasioned and applicable to the emergencies of that sickness: which book, being a composition of meditations, disquisitions, and prayers, he writ on his sick-bed, herein imitating the holy patriarchs, who were wont to build their altars in that place where they had received their blessings.

This sickness brought him so near to the gates of death, and he saw the grave so ready to devour him, that he would often say his recovery was supernatural; but that God that then restored his health continued it to him till the fifty-ninth year of his life; and then, in August 1630, being with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Aburyhatch in Essex, he there fell into a fever, which, with the help of his constant infirmity, (vapours from the spleen) hastened him into so visible a consumption, that his beholders might say, as St. Paul of himself, "He dies daily;" and he might say, with Job, "My welfare passeth away as a cloud; the days of my affliction have taken hold of me, and weary nights are appointed for me."

Reader, this sickness continued long, not only weakening but wearying him so much, that my desire is he may now take some rest; and that, before I speak of his death, thou wilt not think it an imperti-

hent digression to look back with me upon some observations of his life, which, whilst a gentle flumber gives rest to his spirits, may, I hope, not unfitly exercise thy consideration.

His marriage was the remarkable error of his life, an error which, though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from justifying it; and though his wife's competent years, and other reasons, might be justly urged to moderate severe censures, yet he would occasionally condemn himself for it: and doubtless it had been attended with an heavy repentance, if God had not blessed them with so mutual and cordial affections as, in the midst of their sufferings, made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly than the banquets of dull and low-spirited people.

The recreations of his youth were poetry, in which he was so happy as if Nature, and all her varieties, had been made only to exercise his sharp wit and high fancy; and in those pieces which were facetiously composed and carelessly scattered (most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age) it may appear, by his choice metaphors, that both Nature and all the arts joined to assist him with their utmost skill.

It is a truth that, in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces too loosely scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short lived

that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals; but though he was no friend to them, he was not so fallen out with heavenly poetry as to forsake that; no, not in his declining age, witnessed then by many Divine Sonnets, and other high, holy, and harmonious compositions. Yea, even on his former sick-bed he wrote an Hymn to God the Father, expressing the great joy that then possessed his soul in the assurance of God's favour to him.

I have the rather mentioned this Hymn, for that he caused it to be set to a most grave and solemn tune, and to be often sung to the organ by the choristers of St. Paul's church, in his own hearing, especially at the evening service; and at his return from his customary devotions in that place did occasionally say to a friend, "The words of this Hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul in my sickness when I composed it;" and "O the power of church music! that harmony added to it has raised the affections of my heart, and quickened my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I observe that I always return from paying this public duty of prayer and praise to God with an unexpressible tranquillity of mind, and a willingness to leave the world."

After this manner did the disciples of our Saviour, and the best of Christians in those ages of the church

nearest to his time, offer their praises to almighty God: and the reader of St. Augustine's life may there find, that towards his dissolution he wept abundantly that the enemies of Christianity had broke in upon them, and profaned and ruined their sanctuaries; and because their public hymns and lauds were lost out of their churches. And after this manner have many devout souls lifted up their hands, and offered acceptable sacrifices unto almighty God where Dr. Donne offered his.

Before I proceed further, I think fit to inform the reader, that not long before his death he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an anchor, like those which painters draw when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the cross, his varying no otherwise than to affix him to an anchor (the emblem of hope): this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of those figures, thus drawn, to be engraven very small in hellotropial stones, and set in gold; and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends, to be used as seals or rings, and kept as memorials of him, and of his affection to them.

His dear friends and benefactors, Sir Henry Goodier and Sir Robert Drewry, could not be of that number; nor could the Lady Magdalen Herbert, the mother of George Herbert, for they had put off morta-

lity, and taken possession of the grave before him; but Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Hall, the then (late deceased) Bishop of Norwich, were; and so were Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, lately deceased, men in whom there was such a commixture of general learning, of natural eloquence, and Christian humility, that they deserve a commemoration by a pen equal to their own, which none hath exceeded.

And in this enumeration of his friends, tho' many must be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not; I mean that George Herbert who was the author of *The Temple*; or, *Sacred Poems and Ejaculations*; a book in which, by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that Spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and heaven; and may, by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure an heart as shall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt him and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be

in each others company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments.

The latter part of his life may be said to be a continued study; for as he usually preached once a-week, if not oftener, so after his sermon he never gave his eyes rest till he had chosen out a new text, and that night cast his sermon into a form, and his text into divisions, and the next day betook himself to consult the Fathers, and so commit his meditations to his memory, which was excellent. But upon Saturday he usually gave himself and his mind a rest from the weary burthen of his week's meditations, and usually spent that day in visitation of friends, or some other diversions of his thoughts, and would say, that he gave both his body and mind that refreshment, that he might be enabled to do the work of the day following, not faintly, but with courage and cheerfulness.

Nor was his age only so industrious, but in the most unsettled days of his youth his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in a morning; and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till past ten. All which time was employed in study; tho' he took great liberty after it: and if this seem strange, it may gain a belief by the visible fruits of his labours, some of which remain as testimonies of what is here written; for he left the resultance of 1400 authors, most of them abridged and analyzed with his own hand; he left also fixscore of his sermons, all writ-

ten with his own hand; also an exact and laborious treatise concerning self-murder, called Biathanatos, wherein all the laws violated by that act are diligently surveyed and judiciously censured: a treatise written in his younger days, which alone might declare him then not only perfect in the Civil and Canon law, but in many other such studies and arguments as enter not into the consideration of many that labour to be thought great clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were these only found in his study, but all businesses that pass of any public consequence, either in this or any of our neighbour nations, he abbreviated either in Latin, or in the language of that nation, and kept them by him for useful memorials; so he did the copies of divers letters and cases of conscience that had concerned his friends, with his observations and solutions of them, and divers other businesses of importance, all particularly and methodically digested by himself.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him, making his will when no faculty of his soul was damped or made defective by pain or sickness, or he surpris'd by a sudden apprehension of death: but it was made with mature deliberation, expressing himself an impartial father, by making his children's portions equal, and a lover of his friends, whom he re-

membered with legacies fitly and discreetly chosen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of some of them; for methinks they be persons that seem to challenge a recordation in this place; as, namely, to his brother-in-law, Sir Th. Grimes, he gave that striking clock which he had long worn in his pocket.—To his dear friend and executor Dr. King, late Bishop of Chichester, that model of gold of the synod of Dort, with which the States presented him at his last being at the Hague—and the two pictures of Padre Paulo and Fulgentio, men of his acquaintance when he travelled Italy, and of great note in that nation for their remarkable learning.—To his ancient friend Dr. Brook, that married him, Master of Trinity College in Cambridge, he gave the picture of the blessed Virgin and Joseph.—To Dr. Winniff, who succeeded him in the deanery, he gave a picture called the Skeleton.—To the succeeding Dean, who was not then known, he gave many necessaries of worth, and useful for his house, and also several pictures and ornaments for the chapel, with a desire that they might be registered, and remain as a legacy to his successors.—To the Earls of Dorset and of Carlisle he gave several pictures, and so he did to many other friends; legacies given rather to express his affection than to make any addition to their estates: but unto the poor he was full of charity, and unto many others who,

by his constant and long-continued bounty, might entitle themselves to be his alms-people; for all these he made provision, and so largely, as, having then six children living, might to some appear more than proportionable to his estate. I forbear to mention any more, lest the reader may think I trespass upon his patience; but I will beg his favour to present him with the beginning and end of his will.

“ In the name of the blessed and glorious Trinity,
 “ Amen. I John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus,
 “ and by the calling of the Church of England, Priest,
 “ being at this time in good health and perfect understanding, (praised be God therefore) do hereby
 “ make my last will and testament in manner and
 “ form following :

“ First, I give my gracious God an entire sacrifice
 “ of body and soul, with my most humble thanks for
 “ that assurance which his blessed Spirit imprints in
 “ me now of the salvation of the one, and the resurrection of the other; and for that constant and cheerful resolution which the same Spirit hath established in me to live and die in the religion now professed in the Church of England : in expectation of
 “ that resurrection, I desire my body may be buried (in the most private manner that may be) in that place
 “ of St. Paul’s church, London, that the now residentiaries have at my request designed for that purpose.

“ pose, &c. And this my last will and testament, made
 “ in the fear of God, (whose mercy I humbly beg, and
 “ constantly rely upon in Jesus Christ) and in perfect
 “ love and charity with all the world, (whose pardon
 “ I ask, from the lowest of my servants to the highest
 “ of my superiors) written all with my own hands,
 “ and my name subscribed to every page, of which
 “ there are five in number.”

Scaled Deem. 13. 1630.

• Nor was this blessed sacrifice of charity expressed only at his death, but in his life also, by a cheerful and frequent visitation of any friend whose mind was dejected, or his fortune necessitous. He was inquisitive after the wants of prisoners, and redeemed many from thence that lay for their fees or small debts: he was a continual giver to poor scholars, both of this and foreign nations. Besides what he gave with his own hand, he usually sent a servant, or a discreet and trusty friend, to distribute his charity to all the prisoners in London at all the festival times of the year, especially at the birth and resurrection of our Saviour. He gave an hundred pounds at one time to an old friend, whom he had known live plentifully, and by a too liberal heart and carelessness became decayed in his estate; and when the receiving of it was denied, by the gentleman's saying he wanted not; for as there be some spirits so generous as to labour to con-

deal and endure a sad poverty rather than those blushes that attend the confession of it, so there be others to whom nature and grace have afforded such sweet and compassionate souls, as to pity and prevent the distresses of mankind; which I have mentioned, because of Dr. Donne's reply, whose answer was, "I know you want not what will sustain nature, for a little will do that; but my desire is that you, who in the days of your plenty have cheered and raised the hearts of so many of your dejected friends, would now receive this from me, and use it as a cordial for the cheering of your own;" and so it was received. He was an happy reconciler of many differences in the families of his friends and kindred, (which he never undertook faintly, for such undertakings have usually faint effects) and they had such a faith in his judgment and impartiality, that he never advised them to any thing in vain. He was, even to her death, a most dutiful son to his mother, careful to provide for her supportation, of which she had been destitute, but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities, who having sucked in the religion of the Roman church with her mother's milk, spent her estate in foreign countries to enjoy a liberty in it, and died in his house but three months before him.

And to the end it may appear how just a steward he was of his Lord and Master's revenue, I have

thought fit to let the reader know, that after his entrance into his deanery, as he numbered his years, he (at the foot of a private account, to which God and his angels were only witnesses with him) computed first his revenue, then what was given to the poor and other pious uses; and, lastly, what rested for him and his: he then blessed each year's poor remainder with a thankful prayer.

But I return from my long digression. We left the Author sick in Essex, where he was forced to spend much of that winter, by reason of his disability to remove from that place; and having never, for almost twenty years, omitted his personal attendance on his Majesty in that month in which he was to attend and preach to him, nor having ever been left out of the roll and number of Lent-preachers; and there being then (in January 1630) a report brought to London, or raised there, that Dr. Donne was dead, that report gave him occasion to write this following letter to a dear friend.

"SIR,

"This advantage you and my other friends have
 "by my frequent fevers, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of heaven; and this advantage by
 "the solitude and close imprisonment that they reduce me to after, that I am so much the oftener at
 "my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your
 "happiness; and I doubt not, among his other bless-

“ sings, God will add some one to you for my prayers.
“ A man would almost be content to die (if there
“ were no other benefit in death) to hear of so much
“ sorrow, and so much good testimony from good
“ men as I (God be blessed for it) did upon the re-
“ port of my death; yet I perceive it went not through
“ all; for one writ to me that some (and he said of
“ my friends) conceived I was not so ill as I pretend-
“ ed; but withdrew myself to live at ease, discharged
“ of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and, God knows,
“ an ill-grounded interpretation; for I have always
“ been sorer when I could not preach than any
“ could be they could not hear me. It hath been my
“ desire, and God may be pleased to grant it, that I
“ might die in the pulpit; if not that, yet that I might
“ take my death in the pulpit, that is, die the sooner
“ by occasion of those labours. Sir, I hope to see you
“ presently after Candlemas, about which time will
“ fall my Lent-sermon at court, except my Lord
“ Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and so leave
“ me out of the roll; but as long as I live, and am not
“ speechless, I would not willingly decline that ser-
“ vice. I have better leisure to write than you to
“ read, yet I would not willingly oppress you with too
“ much letter. God bless you and your son, as I wish.

“ Your poor friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

“ J. DONNE.”

Before that month ended he was appointed to preach upon his old constant day, the first Friday in Lent: he had notice of it, and had in his sickness so prepared for that employment, that as he had long thirsted for it, so he resolved his weakness should not hinder his journey; he came therefore to London some few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither many of his friends (who with sorrow saw his sickness had left him only so much flesh as did only cover his bones) doubted his strength to perform that task, and did therefore dissuade him from undertaking it, assuring him, however, it was like to shorten his life; but he passionately denied their requests, saying, "He would not doubt that "that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted "him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment," professing an holy ambition to perform that sacred work. And when, to the amazement of some beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body and dying face; and doubtless many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel, "Do "these bones live *? or can that soul organize that "tongue to speak so long time as the sand in that "glass will move towards its centre, and measure out

* Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

"an hour of this dying man's unspent life?" Doubtless it cannot; and yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desire enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying, the text being, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death;" many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own funeral sermon.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house, out of which he never moved till, like St. Stephen, he was carried by devout men to his grave.

The next day after his sermon, his strength being much wasted, and his spirits so spent as indisposed him to business or to talk, a friend that had often been a witness of his free and facetious discourse asked him, Why are you sad? to whom he replied, with a countenance so full of cheerful gravity as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world, and said,

"I am not sad, but most of the night past I have entertained myself with many thoughts of several friends that have left me here, and are gone to that place from which they shall not return; and that within a few days I also shall go hence, and be no more seen; and my preparation for this change is

“ become my nightly meditation upon my bed, which
“ my infirmities have now made restless to me: but
“ at this present time I was in a serious contemplation
“ of the providence and goodness of God to me, who
“ am less than the least of his mercies; and looking
“ back upon my life past, I now plainly see it was his
“ hand that prevented me from all temporal employ-
“ ment, and it was his will that I should never settle
“ nor thrive till I entered into the ministry; in which
“ I have now lived almost twenty years, (I hope to his
“ glory) and by which, I most humbly thank him, I
“ have been enabled to requite most of those friends
“ which shewed me kindness when my fortune was
“ very low, as God knows it was; and (as it hath oc-
“ casioned the expression of my gratitude) I thank
“ God most of them have stood in need of my requital.
“ I have lived to be useful and comfortable to my good
“ father-in-law Sir George Moor, whose patience
“ God hath been pleased to exercise with many tem-
“ poral crosses; I have maintained my own mother,
“ whom it hath pleased God, after a plentiful fortune
“ in her younger days, to bring to a great decay in
“ her very old age; I have quieted the consciences of
“ many that have groaned under the burthen of a
“ wounded spirit, whose prayers I hope are available
“ for me. I cannot plead innocency of life, especially
“ of my youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful
“ God, who is not willing to see what I have done

“ amifs: and though of myfelf I have nothing to pre-
 “ sent to him but fins and mifery, yet I know he looks
 “ not upon me now as I am of myfelf, but as I am in
 “ my Saviour, and hath given me, even at this time,
 “ fome testimonies by his holy Spirit that I am of the
 “ number of his elect: I am therefore full of joy, and
 “ fhall die in peace.”

I muft here look fo far back as to tell the reader
 that at his firft return out of Effex to preach his laft
 fermen, his old friend and phyfician, Dr. Fox, a man
 of great worth, came to him to confult his health;
 and that after a fight of him, and fome queries con-
 cerning his diftempers, he told him, “ That by cor-
 “ dials and drinking milk twenty days together; there
 “ was a probability of his reftoration to health;” but
 he paffionately denied to drink it. Neverthelefs Dr.
 Fox, who loved him moft entirely, wearied him with
 follicitations, till he yielded to take it for ten days; at
 the end of which time he told Dr. Fox, “ he had
 “ drunk it more to fatisfy him than to recover his
 “ health; and that he would not drink it ten days
 “ longer upon the beft moral affurance of having
 “ twenty years added to his life, for he loved it not;
 “ and that he was fo far from fearing death, which is
 “ the king of terrors, that he longed for the day of
 “ his diffolution.”

It is obferved, that a defire of glory or commenda-

tion is rooted in the very nature of man, and that those of the severest and most mortified lives, though they may become so humble as to banish self-flattery, and such weeds as naturally grow there, yet they have not been able to kill this desire of glory, but that, like our radical heat, it will both live and die with us; and many think it should do so; and we want not sacred examples to justify the desire of having our memory to outlive our lives, which I mention, because Dr. Donne, by the persuasion of Dr. Fox, easily yielded, at this very time, to have a monument made for him; but Dr. Fox undertook not to persuade how or what it should be; that was left to Dr. Donne himself.

This being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it, and to bring with it a board of the height of his body: these being got, then, without delay, a choice painter was to be in a readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted to be shrowded and put into the grave: upon this urn he thus stood with his eyes shut, and with so much of

the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned toward the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour. Thus he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued, and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor Dr. King, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in the cathedral church of St. Paul's; and by Dr. Donne's own appointment these words were to be affixed to it as his epitaph:

JOHANNES DONNE,

Sac. Theol. Professor,

Post varia studia quibus ab annis tenerrimis

fideliter, nec infeliciter incubuit;

Instinctu et impulsu Sp. Sancti, monitu et hortatu

Regis Jacobi, Ordines Sacros amplexus

Anno sui Jesu 1614; et suæ ætatis 42.

Decanatu hujus Ecclesiæ indutus 27 Novembris 1621.

Exutus morte ultimo die Martii 1631.

Hic licet in occiduo cinere aspicit Eum

Cujus nomen est Oriens.

Upon Monday following he took his last leave of his beloved study, and, being sensible of his hourly

decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber; and that week sent at several times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives, and then dismissed them; as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The Sunday following he appointed his servants, that if there were any business undone that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with any thing that concerned this world, nor ever did; but as Job, so he "waited for the appointed time of his dissolution."

And now he had nothing to do but to die; to do which he stood in need of no longer time, for he had studied it long, and to so happy a perfection, that in a former sickness he called God to witness he was that minute ready to deliver his soul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his dissolution*. In that sickness he begged of God the constancy to be preserved in that estate for ever; and his patient expectation to have his immortal soul disrobed from her garment of mortality makes me confident he now had a modest assurance that his prayers were then heard, and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earnestly

* In his book of Devotions.

expecting his hourly change; and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatifical vision, he said, "I were miserable if I might not die;" and after those words closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him, not to serve another master, but died before him; for that it was become useless to him that now conversed with God on earth, as angels are said to do in heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless, he did, as St. Stephen, "look stedfastly towards heaven, till he saw the Son of God standing at the right hand of his Father:" and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes; and then disposed his hands and body into such a posture as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous, was the life; thus excellent, thus exemplary, was the death, of this memorable man.

He was buried in that place of St. Paul's church which he had appointed for that use some years before his death, and by which he passed daily to pay his

public devotions to almighty God; (who was then served twice a-day by a public form of prayer and praises in that place) but he was not buried privately, tho' he desired it; for beside an unnumbered number of others, many persons of nobility, and of eminency for learning, who did love and honour him in his life, did shew it at his death, by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a public sorrow.

To which place of his burial some mournful friends repaired, and, as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly flowers; which course they (who were never yet known) continued morning and evening for many days, not ceasing till the stones that were taken up in that church to give his body admission into the cold earth (now his bed of rest) were again, by the mason's art, so levelled and firmed as they had been formerly, and his place of burial undistinguishable to common view.

Nor was this all the honour done to his reverend ashes; for as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debtor; persons that dare trust God with their charity, and without a witness; so there was by some grateful unknown friend, that thought Dr. Donne's memory ought to be perpetuated, an hundred marks sent

to his two faithful friends * and executors, towards the making of his monument. It was not for many years known by whom; but after the death of Dr. Fox it was known that it was he that sent it; and he lived to see as lively a representation of his dead friend as marble can express; a statue indeed so like Dr. Donne, that (as his friend Sir Henry Wotton hath expressed himself) it seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.

He was of stature moderately tall, of a straight and equally proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit, both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye shewed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

* Dr. King and Dr. Monfort.

He did much contemplate (especially after he entered into his sacred calling) the mercies of almighty God; the immortality of the soul, and the joys of heaven; and would often say, "Blessed be God that he is God divinely like himself."

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it; a great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body; that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust:

But I shall see it reanimated.

J. W.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM LORD CRAVEN.

BARON OF HAMSTED-MARSHAM.

MY LORD,

MANY of these Poems have, for several impressions, wandered up and down, trusting (as well they might) upon the Author's reputation: neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindness of the printer, or the courtesy of the reader; the one by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned; the other by putting such an estimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own; as if a man should dig out the stones of a royal amphitheatre to build a stage for a country show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I find none so prodigious as the poets of these later times, wherein men, as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of wit as to the pulpit, and conceive themselves no less inspired with the spirit of poetry than with that of religion: so it is not only the noise of drums and trumpets which have drowned the Muse's harmony, or the fear that the church's ruin will destroy the priests likewise, that now frights them

from this country, where they have been so ingeniously received; but these rude pretenders to excellencies they unjustly own, who, profanely rushing into Minerva's temple, with noisome airs blast the laurel which thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition these learned Sisters are fled over to beg your Lordship's protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and arms, and who, in this general confusion, have so entirely preserved your honour, that in your Lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what England was in all her pomp and greatness: so that although these Poems were formerly written upon several occasions to several persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your Lordship's statue upon, where you may stand, like armed Apollo, the defender of the Muses, encouraging the poets now alive to celebrate your great acts, by affording your countenance to his Poems that wanted only so noble a subject.

My Lord, your most humble servant,

JOHN DONNE.

MONUMENT OF CAROL
VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

HEXASTICHON BIBLIOPOLÆ.

I see in his last preach'd and printed book
His picture in a sheet; in Paul's I look,
And see his statue in a sheet of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one:
Those sheets present him dead; these if you buy
You have him living to eternity.

JO. MAR.

HEXASTICHON AD BIBLIOPOLAM.

IN thy impression of **DONNE's** Poems rare
For his eternity thou hast ta'en care:
'Twas well and pious; and for ever may
He live; yet I shew thee a better way;
Print but his sermons, and if those we buy
He, we, and thou, shall live t' eternity.

TO JOHN DONNE.

DONNE! the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,
Who to thy one all other brains refuse;
Whose ev'ry work of thy most early wit
Came forth example, and remain so yet;
Longer a-knowing than most wits do live,
And which no' affection praise enough can give;

To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife:
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would,
But leave because I cannot as I should. 10

BEN. JOHNSON. I

TO JOHN DONNE.

Who shall doubt, Donne! where I a poet be,
When I dare send my Epigrams to thee?
That so alone canst judge, so alone make,
And in thy censures evenly dost take
As free simplicity to disavow 3
As thou hast best authority t' allow.
Read all I send; and if I find but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone;
My title 's seal'd. Those that for claps do write
Let punys', porters', players', praise delight, 10
And till they burst their backs like asses load:
A man should seek great glory and not broad. 12

BEN. JOHNSON,

To the memory of my ever-desired friend,

DR. DONNE.

To have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'st flights, that is, like thee,
Or t' have had too much merit is not safe,
For such excesses find no epitaph.

At common graves we have poetique eyes
 Can melt themselves in easie elegies;
 Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
 And pin it, like the hatchments, to the hearse;
 But at thine, poem or inscription
 (Rich soul of wit and language) we have none : 10
 Indeed a silence does that tomb besit
 Where is no herald left to blazon it.
 Widow'd Invention justly doth forbear
 To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
 Late her great patron, whose prerogative 15
 Maintain'd and cloath'd her so, as none alive
 Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
 Tho' he the Indies for her dowry' estate :
 Or else that awful fire which once did burn
 In thy clear brain, now fall'n into thy urn, 20
 Lives there to fright rude empyrics from thence,
 Which might prophane thee by their ignorance.
 Whoever writes of thee, and in a style
 Unworthy such a theme, does but revile
 Thy precious dust, and wake a learned spirit, 25
 Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit;
 For all a low-pitcht fancie can devise
 Will prove at best but hallow'd injuries.
 Thou, like the dying swan*, didst lately sing
 Thy mournful dirge in audience of the King, 30

* His last Sermon at court.

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* His last Sermon at court.

When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath
 Presented so to life that piece of death,
 That it was fear'd and prophesy'd by all
 Thou thither cam'st to preach thy funeral.
 O! hadst thou in an elegiac knell
 Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
 And in thy high victorious numbers beat
 The solemn measure of thy griev'd retreat,
 Thou might'st the post's service now have mist,
 As well as then thou didst prevent the priest,
 And never to the world beholden be
 So much as for an epitaph for thee.

I do not like the office; nor is 't fit
 Thou, who didst lend our age such sums of wit,
 Shouldst net re-borrow from her bankrupt myne
 That ore to bury thee which once was thine:
 Rather still leave us in thy debt; and know,
 (Exalted Soul!) more glory 't is to owe
 Unto thy hearse, what we can never pay,
 Than with embased coyn those rites defray.
 Commit me then thee to thyself; nor blame
 Our drooping loves, which thus to thy own fame
 Leave thee executor, since but thy own
 No pen could do thee justice, nor bays crown
 Thy vast desert; save that we nothing can
 Depute to be thy ashes' guardian.
 So jewellers no art or metal trust
 To form the diamond but the diamond's dust. 58

In obitum venerabilis viri

JOHANNIS DONNE,

*Sacrae Theologiae Doctoris, Ecclesiae Cathedralis D. Pauli
nuper Decani; illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi colende
vir) observantiae ergo haec ego.*

CONQUERAR? ignavoque sequar tua funera planctu?
Sed, lacrymae, clausistis iter; nec muta querelas
Lingua potest proferre pias: ignoscite, manes
Defuncti, et tacito finite indulgere dolori.

Sed scelus est tacuisse: cadant in mœsta lituræ 5
Verba. Tuis, (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe jussis
Cœpta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
Aversare tuâ non dignum laude poetam.

O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset,
Inque meum à vestro migraret pectore pectus 10
Musa; repentinos tua nosceret urna furores.

Sed frustra, heu! frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto:
Tecum abiit, summoque sedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnassi et culmina vates
Desperare jubet. Verùm hac nolente coactos 15
Scribimus audaces numeros, et flebile carmen
Scribimus (O soli qui te dilexit) habendum.

Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus
Clausit? et immerito merguntur funere virtus
Et pietas, et quæ poterant fecisse beatum. 20
Cætera? sed nec te poterant servare beatum.

Volume I.

G

Quo mihi doctrinam? quorsum impallescere chartis
Nocturnis juvat, et totidem olfecisse lucernas?
Decolor et longos studiis deperdere soles,
Ut prius, aggredior, longamque accessere famam. 25
Omnia sed frustra: mihi dum cunctisque minatur
Exitium crudele et inexorabile fatum.

Nam post te sperare nihil decet: hoc mihi restat,
Ut morlar, tennes fugiatque obscurus in auras
Spiritus: O doctis saltem si cognitus umbris 30
Illic te (venerande) iterum (venerande) videbo;
Et dulces audire sonos, et verba disertii
Oris, et aeternæ dabitur mihi carpere voces;
Queis ferus infernæ tacuisset janitor aulae
Auditis, Nilusque minus strepuisset; Arion 35
Cederet, et, sylvas qui post se traxerat, Orpheus.
Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
Voceferos potuit; quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infestus, non motus ut illo
Hortante, et blando victus sermone fileret? 40

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat;
Singula sic decuere senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
Audiui, et stupui, quoties orator in Æde
Paulinâ stetit, et mirâ gravitate levantes
Corda oculosque viros tenuit: dam Nestoris ille 45
Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
Non concessa prius, nondum intellecta: revolvunt
Mirantes, tacitque arrectis auribus astant.

Mutatis mox ille modo formæque loquendi 50
 Tristia pertractat: satumque et flebile mortis
 Tempus, et in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.
 Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres;
 Forſitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
 Ex oculis largum ſtillat rorem: ætheris illo 55
 Sic pater audito voluit ſuccumbere turbam,
 Affectusque ciere ſuos, et ponere nota
 Vocis ad arbitrium; divinæ oracula mentis
 Dum narrat, roſtrisque potens dominatur in altis.

Quo feror? audaci et forſan pietate nocenti 60
 In nimîa ignoſcas vati, qui vatibus olim
 Egregium decus, et tanto excellentior unus,
 Omnibus inferior quanto eſt et peſſimus, impar
 Laudibus hiſce, tibi qui nunc facit iſta, poeta.
 Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi ſacra? poëtæ, 65
 Deſinite: en ſati certus ſibi voce canorâ
 Inferias præmiſitOLOR, cum Carolus Albâ
 (Ultima volventem et cygnæâ voce loquentem)
 Nuper eum, turba et magnatum andiret in Aulâ.

Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc aſtitit illi 70
 Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in tellure recumbit,
 Vermibus eſca, pro malint niſi parcere: quidni
 Incipiant et amare ſamen? Metuere leones
 Sic olim; ſacroſque artus violare Propheta
 Bellua non auſa eſt, quanquam jejuna, ſitimque 75
 Optaret nimis humano ſatiare cruore.

At non hæc de te sperabimus; omina carpit
 Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
 Præda diu; forsan metrico pede serpet ab inde.
 Vescere; et exhausto satia te sanguine. Jam nos 80
 Adsumus; et post te cupiet quis vivere? post te
 Quis volet, aut poterit? nam post te vivere mors est.

Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras;
 Sustinet et tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce
 Non festinanti æternum requiescere turbæ. 85
 Ipsa fatis properat, quæ nescit parca morari,
 Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occare videmus,
 Quin rursus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te,
 Quo Deus et quo dura volet Natura, sequemur.

Depositum interea lapides, servate fideles. 90
 Fœlices! illâ queis Ædis parte locari,
 Quâ jacet iste, datur. Forsan lapis inde loquetur,
 Parturietque viro plenus testantia luctus
 Verba; et carminibus, quæ Donni suggeret illi
 Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calores 95
 Incipiet: (non sic Pyrrhâ jactante calebat.)
 Mole sub hac tegitur, quicquid mortale relictum est
 De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Ædi huic,
 Formosi pecoris pastor formosior ipse.
 Ite igitur, dignisque illum celebrate loquelis,
 Et, quæ demuntur vitæ, date tempora famæ. 101
 Indignus tantorum meritorum præco, virtutum
 tuarum cultor religiosissimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. DONNE.

I CANNOT blame those men that knew thee well,
 Yet dare not help the world to ring thy knell
 In tuneful elegies; there's not language known
 Fit for thy mention but 't was first thy own.
 The epitaphs thou writ'st have so bereft
 Our tongue of wit, there is no fancy left
 Enough to weep thee: what henceforth we see
 Of art or nature must result from thee.
 There may, perchance, some busy-gathering friend
 Steal from thy own Works, and that, varied, lend it
 Which thou bestow'dst on others, to thy hearse,
 And so thou shalt live still in thine own verse:
 He that shall venture farther may commit
 A pity'd error; shew his zeal, not wit.
 Fate hath done mankind wrong: virtue may aim
 Reward of conscience, never can of Fame;
 Since her great trumpet's broke, could only give
 Faith to the world, command it to believe.
 He then must write, that would define thy parts,
 Here lies the best Divinity, all the Arts.

EDW. HYDE.

An Elegie upon the incomparable

DR. DONNE.

ALL is not well when such a one as I
Dare peep abroad and write an elegy:
When smaller stars appear, and give their light,
Phœbus is gone to bed. Were it not night,
And the world witless now that Donne is dead, 5
You sooner should have broke than seen my head.
Dead! did I say? forgive this injurie
I do him and his worth's infinitie,
To say he is but dead; I dare aver
It better may be term'd a massacre 10
Than sleep or death. See how the Muses mourn
Upon their oaten reeds! and from his urn
Threaten the world with this calamity,
They shall have ballads, but no poetry.

Language lies speechless, and divinitie 15
Lost such a trump as ev'n to ecstasie
Could charm the soul, and had an influence
To teach best judgments and please dullest sense.
The court, the church, the universitie,
Lost Chaplain, Dean, and Doctor, all these three. 20
It was his merit that his funeral
Could cause a loss so great and general.

If there be any spirit can answer give
Of such as hence depart to such as live,
Speak, doth his body there vermiculate, 25
Crumble to dust, and feel the laws of Fate?
Methinks corruption, worms, what else is foul,
Should spare the temple of so fair a soul.
I could believe they do, but that I know
What inconvenience might hereafter grow; 30
Succeeding ages would idolatrize,
And as his numbers so his reliques prize.

If that philosopher which did avow
The world to be but motes were living now,
He would affirm that th' atomes of his mould, 35
Were they in several bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of travellers, divines,
Of linguists, poets; fith these several lines
In him concentred were, and flowing thence
Might fill again the world's circumference. 40
I could believe this too, and yet my faith
Not want a precedent. The phoenix hath
(And such was he) a power to animate
Her ashes, and herself perpetuate.
But, busy Soul! thou dost not well to pry 45
Into these secrets; grief and jealousy
The more they know the further still advance,
And find no way so safe as ignorance.
Let this suffice thee, that his soul, which flew
A pitch, of all admir'd, known but of few, 50

(Save those of purer mould) is now translated
From earth to heaven, and there constellated:
For if each priest of God shine as a star,
His glory 's as his gifts, 'bove others far. 54

HEN. VALENTINE,

AN ELEGIE UPON DR. DONNE.

OUR Donne is dead! England should mourn, may say
We had a man where Language chose to stay,
And shew her graceful pow'r. I would not praise
That and his vast wit, (which in these vain days
Make many proud) but as they serv'd t' unlock 5
That cabinet his mind, where such a stock
Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
(Or should) this gen'ral cause of discontent.

And I rejoice I am not so severe
But (as I write a line) to weep a tear 10
For his decease: such sad extremities
May make such men as I write elegies.

And wonder not; for when a gen'ral loss
Falls on a nation, and they flight the cross,
God hath rais'd prophets to awaken them 15
From stupefaction; witness my mild pen,
Not us'd t' upbraid the world, tho' now it must
Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.

Dull age! oh! I would spare thee, but th' art worse,
Thou art not only dull, but hast a curse 20

Of black ingratitude; if not, couldst thou
Part with miraculous Donne, and make no vow
For thee and thine, successively to pay.
A sad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth scatter poetry, wherein
Was all philosophy? was every sin
Character'd in his Satires; made so foul,
That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their soul
Safer by reading verse? Did he give days,
Past marble monuments, to those whose praise
He would perpetuate? did he (I fear
The dull will doubt) these at his twentieth year?

But, more matur'd, did his full soul conceive,
And in harmonious holy numbers weave
A Crown* of Sacred Sonnets, fit t' adorn
A dying martyr's brow, or to be worn
On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
After she wip'd Christ's feet, but not till then?
Did he (fit for such penitents as she
And he to use) leave us a Litanie
Which all devout men love? and sure it shall,
As times grow better, grow more classical.
Did he write hymns, for piety, for wit,
Equal to those great, grave, Prudentius writ?
Spake he all languages? knew he all laws?
The grounds and use of physick? (but because

* La Corona.

'Twas mercenary way'd it) went to see
The blessed place of Christ's nativitie?
Did he return and preach him? preach him so,
As since St. Paul none did, none could? those know,
Such as were blest to hear him, this is truth.
Did he confirm th' aged, convert the youth?
Did he these wonders? and is this dear loss
Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a cross.)

But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be close mourners at his funeral:
If not, in common pity they forbear,
By repetitions, to renew our care;
Or knowing grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes
Do waste the brain) make silence a safe way
To enlarge the soul from these walls, mud and clay,
(Materials of this body) to remain
With Donne in heav'n, where no promiscuous pain
Lessens the joy we have; for with him all
Are satisfy'd with joys essential.
Dwell on this joy, my thoughts: oh! do not call
Grief back by thinking of his funeral.
Forget he lov'd me; waste not my sad years
(Which haste to David's seventy) fill'd with fears
And sorrow for his death; forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good men's hearts;
And (for my first is daily paid for sin)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him;

Forget his powerful preaching, and forget how
I am his convert. Oh! my frailty! let
My flesh be no more heard; it will obtrude
This lethargy; so should my gratitude,
My flows of gratitude should so be broke,
Which can no more be than Donne's virtues spoke
By any but himself; for which cause I
Write no encomium, but this elegy,
Which as a free-will off'ring I here give
Fame and the world; and, parting with it, grieve
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument great as Donne's matchless worth

ELEGY ON DR. DONNE.

Now, by one year, time and our frailty have
Lessen'd our first confusion, since the grave
Clos'd thy dear ashes, and the tears which flow
In these have no springs but of solid wee;
Or they are drops which cold amazement froze
At thy decease, and will not thaw in prose.
All streams of verse which shall lament that day
Do truly to the ocean tribute pay;
But they have lost their saltness, which the eye,
In recompense of wit, strives to reply.
Passion's excess for thee we need not fear,
Since first by thee our passions hallow'd were
Thou madst our sorrows, which before had been,
Only for the success, sorrows for sin;

We owe thee all those tears, now thou art dead, 15
Which we shed not, which for ourselves we shed;
Nor didst thou only consecrate our tears,
Give a religious tincture to our fears;
But ev'n our joys had learn'd an innocence;
Thou didst from gladness separate offence. 20
All minds at once suckt grace from thee, as where
(The curse revok'd) the nations had one ear.
Pious dissector; they one hour did treat
The thousand mazes of the heart's deceit:
Thou didst pursue our lov'd and subtile sin, 25
Thro' all the foldings we have wrapt it in
And in thine own large mind finding the way
By which ourselves we from ourselves convey,
Didst in us, narrow models, know the same
Angels, tho' darker, in our meaner frame. 30
How short of praise is this? My Muse, alas!
Climbs weakly to that truth which none can pass.
He that writes best can only hope to leave
A character of all he could conceive,
But none of thee; and with me must confess 35
That Fancy finds some check, from an excess
Of merit most, of nothing it hath spun,
And truth, as reason's task and theme, doth shun:
She makes a fairer flight in emptiness
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppress. 40
Reason again denys her scales, because
Her's are but scales, she judges by the laws

Of weak comparison thy virtue slight
Her feeble beam and her unequal weight
What prodigic of wit and pietie
Hath she else known by which to measure thee?
Great Soul we can no more the worthiness
Of what you were than what you are express

An Elegie upon the Dean of St. Paul's,

DR. JOHN DONNE,

BY MR. THOMAS CARY.

CAN we not force from widow'd Poetry,
Now thou art dead, great Donne! an elegy
To crown thy hearse? why yet dare we not trust,
Tho' with unknecaded dough-bak'd prose, thy dust
Such as the unscissor'd churchman from the flower
Of fading rhetoric, short-liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay
Upon thy ashes on the funeral day?
Have we no voice, no tune? didst thou dispense
Thro' all our language both the words and sense?
'Tis a sad truth. The Pulpit may her plain
And sober Christian precepts still retain;
Doctrines it may and wholesome uses frame,
Grave homilies and lectures, but the flame

Voluptu's Linnæus H

Of thy brave soul, that shot such heat and light 13
 As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,
 Committed holy rapes upon our will,
 Did thro' the eye the melting heart distill,
 And the deep knowledge of dark truths so teach,
 As sense might judge what fancy could not reach, 20
 Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
 That fills with spirit and heat the Delphique choir,
 Which, kindled first by thy Promethean breath,
 Glow'd here a while, lies quencht now in thy death.
 The Muses' garden, with pedantique weeds 25
 O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy seeds
 Of servile imitation thrown away,
 And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay
 The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
 Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage 30
 A mimique fury, when our souls must be
 Possess'd or with Anacreon's ecstasie
 Or Pindar's, not their own. The subtil cheat
 Of she-exchanges, and the juggling feat
 Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong 35
 By our's was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
 Thou hadst redeem'd, and open'd us a myne
 Of rich and pregnant fancy, drawn a line
 Of masculine expression, which had good
 Old Orpheus seen, or all the ancient brood 40
 Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
 Their lead more precious than thy burnish'd gold,

Thou hadst been their exchequer, and no more; 30
 They in each other's dust had rak'd for ore.
 Thou shalt yield no precedence but of time, 45
 And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
 More charms the outward sense; yet thou may'st claim
 From so great disadvantage greater fame,
 Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
 Our stubborn language bends, made only fit 50
 With her tough thick-ribb'd hoops to gird about
 Thy giant fancy, which had prov'd too stout
 For their soft melting phrases. As in time
 They had the start, so did they cull the prime
 Buds of invention many a hundred year; 55
 And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
 To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands
 Of what is purely thine thy only hands
 (And that thy smallest work) have gleaned more
 Than all those times and tongues could reap before. 60
 But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
 Too hard for libertines in poetrie;
 They will repeal the goodly exil'd train
 Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
 Were banish'd nobler poems: now with these 65
 The silenc'd tales o' th' Metamorphoses
 Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page,
 Till verse, refin'd by thee, in this last age,
 Turn ballad-rhyme; or those old idols be
 Ador'd again with new apostasie. 70

Oh! pardon me, that break with untun'd verse
 The rev'rend silence that attends thy hearse,
 Whose awful solemn murmurs were to thee,
 More than these faint lines, a loud elegie,
 That did proclaim, in a dumb eloquence,
 The death of all the Arts; whose influence,
 Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies
 Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies.
 So doth the swiftly-turning wheel not stand
 In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
 But some small time maintains a faint weak course,
 By virtue of the first impulsive force;
 And so, whilst I cast on thy funeral pile
 Thy crown of bays, oh! let it crack a while,
 And spit disdain, till the devouring flames
 Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.
 I will not draw the envy to engross
 All thy perfections, or weep all our loss;
 Those are too num'rous for an elegie,
 And this too great to be express'd by me.
 Tho' ev'ry pen should share a distinct part,
 Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
 Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice
 I on thy tomb this epitaph inscribe:
 Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
 The universal monarchy of wit;
 Here lie two Hamens, and both those the best;
 Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.

AN ELEGIE ON DR. DONNE,

BY SIR LUCIUS CARY.

POETS! attend; the elegie I sing
 Both of a double named priest and king:
 Instead of coats and pendants bring your verse,
 For you must be chief mourners at his hearse:
 A tomb your Muse must to his fame supply, 5
 No other monuments can never die:
 And as he was a two-fold priest, in youth
 Apollo's, afterwards the voice of Truth,
 God's conduit pipe for grace, who chose him for
 His extraordinary embassador; 10
 So let his liegers with the poets joyn;
 Both having shares, both must in grief combine.
 Whilst Johnson forceth with his elegie
 Tears from a grief-unknowing Scythian's eye,
 (Like Moses, at whose stroke the waters gusht 15
 From forth the rock, and like a torrent rusht)
 Let Laud his funeral-sermon preach, and show
 Those virtues dull eyes were not apt to know;
 Nor leave that piercing theme, till it appears
 To be Good-Friday by the church's tears: 20
 Yet make not grief too long oppress our powers,
 Lest that his fun'ral-sermon should prove ours;
 Nor yet forget that heavenly eloquence
 With which he did the bread of life dispense;

Preacher and orator discharg'd both parts, 25
 With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts;
 And the first such (tho' a long-studied art
 Tell us our soul is all in every part)
 None was so marble but, whilst him he hears,
 His soul so long dwelt only in his ears, 30
 And from thence (with the fierceness of a flood
 Bearing down vice) victuall'd with that blest food
 Their hearts. His seed in none could fail to grow;
 Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
 No druggist of the soul bestow'd on all 35
 So catholiquely a curing cordial.
 Nor only in the pulpit dwelt his store;
 His words work'd much, but his example more;
 That preach'd on worky-days his poetry,
 Itself was oftentimes divinity; 40
 Those Anthems (almost second psalms) he writ
 To make us know the cross, and value it,
 (Altho' we owe that reverence to that name
 We should not need warmth from an under-flame)
 Creates a fire in us so near extreme, 45
 That we would dye for and upon this theme.
 Next, his so pious Litany, which none can
 But count divine, except a Puritan;
 And that, but for the name, nor this nor those
 Want any thing of sermons but the prose. 50
 Experience makes us see that many a one
 Owes to his country his religion,

And in another would as strongly grow,
 Had but his nurse and mother taught him so :
 Not he the ballast on his judgment hung, 55
 Nor did his preconceit do either wrong.
 He labour'd to exclude whatever sin,
 By time or carelessness, had enter'd in ;
 Winnow'd the chaff from wheat, but yet was loth
 A too hot zeal should force him burn them both ; 60
 Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall
 Which, to save blotting, often would blot all ;
 Nor did those barbarous opinions own,
 To think the organs sin and faction none :
 Nor was there expectation to gain grace 65
 From forth his sermons only, but his face ;
 So primitive a look, such gravity
 With humbleness, and both with piety.
 So mild was Moses' count'nance when he pray'd
 For them whose Satanism his pow'r gainfay'd ; 70
 And such his gravity, when all God's band
 Receiv'd his word (thro' him) at second hand,
 Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move
 Than ever Argive Helen's could of love.
 Now, to conclude, I must my reason bring 75
 Wherefore I call'd him in his title King.
 That kingdom the philosophers believ'd
 To excel Alexander's, nor were griev'd
 By fear of loss (that being such a prey
 No stronger than one's self can force away) 80

The kingdom of one's self, this he enjoy'd,
 And his authority so well employ'd,
 That never any could before become
 So great a monarch in so small a room :
 He conquer'd rebel passions, rul'd them so, 85
 As under-sphears by the first mover go ;
 Banish'd so far their working, that we can
 But know he had some, for we knew him man :
 Then let his last excuse his first extreams ;
 His age saw visions, tho' his youth dream'd dreams. 90

ON DR. JOHN DONNE,

LATE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

LONG since this task of tears from you was due ;
 Long since, O Poets ! he did die to you,
 Or left you dead, when Wit and he took flight
 On divine wings, and soar'd out of your sight.
 Preachers ! 'tis you must weep ; the wit he taught 5
 You do enjoy ; the rebels which he brought
 From ancient discord, giant faculties,
 And now no more religion's enemies :
 Honest to knowing, unto virtuous sweet,
 Witty to good, and learned to discreet, 10
 He reconcil'd ; and bid th' usurper go ;
 Dulness to vice, religion ought to flow.
 He kept his loves, but not his objects ; wit
 He did not banish, but transplanted it ;

Taught it his place and use, and brought it home 15
 To piety, which it doth best become.
 He shew'd us how for sins we ought to sigh,
 And how to sing Christ's epithalamy.
 The altars had his fires, and there he spoke
 Incense of loves, and fancy's holy smoke
 Religion thus enrich'd the people train'd,
 And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd.
 The first effects sprung in the giddy mind
 Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kind,
 By colours led, and drawn to a pursuit,
 Now once again by beauty of the fruit
 As if their longings too must set us free,
 And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
 Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dress?
 Have you known crimes so shap'd? or loveliness
 Such as his lips did cloath religion in?
 Had not reproof a beauty passing sin?
 Corrupted Nature sorrow'd when she stood
 So near the danger of becoming good,
 And wish'd our so inconstant ears exempt
 From piety that had such pow'r to tempt.
 Did not his sacred flattery beguile
 Man to amendment? the law, taught to smile,
 Pension'd our vanity, and man grew well
 Thro' the same frailty by the which he fell.
 O the sick state of man! health doth not please
 Our taste, but in the shape of the disease.

Thriftless is charity, coward patience,
 Justice is cruel, mercy want of sense.
 What means our nature to bar Virtue place,
 If she do come in her own cloaths and face?
 Is good a pill we dare not chaw to know?
 Sense, the soul's servant, doth it keep us so
 As we might starve for good, unless it first
 Do leave a pawn of relish in the gulf?
 Or have we to salvation no tie
 At all but that of our infirmities?
 Who treats with us must our affections move
 To th' good we flee by those sweets which we love;
 Must seek our palats, and, with their delight
 To gain our deeds, must bribe our appetite.
 These trains he knew, and, laying nets to save,
 Temptingly sugar'd all the health he gave.
 But where is now that chime? that harmony
 Hath left the world. Now the loud organ may
 Appear, the better voyce is fled, to have
 A thousand times the sweetness which it gave,
 I cannot say how many thousand spirits
 The single happiness this soul inherits
 Damns in the other world, souls whom he cross
 O' th' selfe afflicts but only of the loss;
 Whom ignorance would half save, all whose pain
 Is not in what they feel, but others' gain;
 Self-executing wretched spirits, who,
 Carrying their guilt, transport their envy too.

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But those high joys which his wit's youngest flame
 Would hurt to choofe, shall not we hurt to name?
 Verfe-statues are all robbers; all we make
 Of monument thus doth not give, but take:
 As sails which seamen to a fore-wind fit
 By a resistance go along with it;
 So pens grow while they lessen fame so left;
 A weak assistance is a kind of theft.
 Who hath not love to ground his tears upon
 Must weep here, if he have ambition.

J. CHUDLEIGH,

ON DR. DONNE'S DEATH,

BY MR. MAYNE OF CHRIST-CHURCH IN OXFORD.

Who shall presume to mourn thee, Donne! unless
 He could his tears in thy expressions dress,
 And teach his grief that reverence of thy hearse,
 To weep lines learned as thy Anniverses
 A poem of that worth, whose every tear
 Deserves the title of a several year:
 Indeed so far above its reader good,
 That we are thought wits when 'tis understood.
 There that blest maid to dye who now should grieve?
 After thy sorrow 't were her loss to live,
 And her fair virtues in another's line
 Would faintly dawn, which are made saints in thine.

Hadst thou been shallower, and not writ so high,
 Or left some new way for our pen or eye
 To shed a funeral tear, perchance thy tomb-stone
 Had not been spatchless, or our Muses dumb;
 But now we dare not write, but must conceal
 Thy epitaph, lest we be thought to steal
 For who hath read thee, and discerns thy worth,
 That will not say thy careless hours brought forth
 Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
 Was happier than our serious time of day?
 So learned was thy chance, thy haste had wit,
 And matter from thy pen flow'd rashly fit.
 What was thy recreation turns our brain, 25
 Our rack and paleness is thy weakest strain;
 And when we most come near thee, 't is our bliss
 To imitate thee where thou dost amiss
 Here light your Muse, you that do only think
 And write, and are just poets as you drink;
 In whose weak fancies wit doth ebb and flow
 Just as your reck'nings rise, that we may know,
 In your whole carriage of your work, that here
 This flash you wrote in wine, and that in beer.
 This is to tap your Muse, which, running long, 35
 Writes flat, and takes our ear not half so strong;
 Poor suburb wits, who if you want your cup,
 Or if a lord recover, are blown up.
 Could you but reach this height, you should not need
 To make each meal a project ere you feed, 40

Nor walk in reliques' cloaths so old and bare,
 As if left off to you from Ennius were;
 Nor should your love in verse call mistress those
 Who are mine hostess, or your whores, in prose.
 From this Muse learn to court, whose power could
 A cloyster'd coldness or a Vestal love,
 And would convey such errants to their ear,
 That ladies knew no odds to grant and hear.
 But I do wrong thee, Donne! and this low praise
 Is written only for thy younger days:
 I am not grown up for thy riper parts,
 Then should I praise thee thro' the tongues and arts,
 And have that deep divinity to know
 What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,
 Who with thy words could charm thy audience,
 That at thy sermons ear was all our sense.
 Yet I have seen thee in the pulpit stand,
 Where we might take notes from thy look and hand,
 And from thy speaking action bear away
 More sermon than some teachers use to say.
 Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,
 As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.
 Thy motion did confute, and we might see
 An error vanquish'd by delivery:
 Not like our sons of zeal, who, to reform
 Their hearers, fiercely at the pulpit storm,
 And beat the cushion into worse estate
 Than if they did conclude it reprobate;

Who can out-pray the glass, then lay about
Till all predestination be run out,
And from the point such tedious uses draw,
Their repetitions would make gospel law.
No; in such temper would thy sermons flow,
So well did doctrine and thy language show,
And had that holy fear, as, hearing thee,
The court would mend, and a good Christian be;
And ladies, tho' unhandsome, out of grace,
Would hear thee in their unbought looks and face.
More I could write, but let this crown thine urn,
We cannot hope the like till thou return. 89

UPON MR. J. DONNE

AND HIS POEMS.

Who dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
Unburied yet this living part of thee;
This part, that to thy being gives fresh flame,
And, tho' thou'rt Donne, yet will preserve thy name?
Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimson hue,
And whey-like ran at last in a pale blue)
May shew thee mortal; a dead palsy may
Seise on 't, and quickly turn it into clay,
Which, like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd;
But this great spirit thou hast left behind,
This soul of Verse, in its first pure estate
Shall live, for all the world to imitate, 19

But not come near; for in thy fancy's flight
 Thou dost not stoop unto the vulgar sight,
 But hovering highly in the air of Wit,
 Holdst such a pitch that few can follow it;
 Admire they may. Each object that the spring
 (Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
 T' adorn earth's face, thou sweetly didst contrive
 To beauty's elements, and thence derive
 Unspotted lilly's white; which thou didst set
 Hand in hand with the vein-like violet,
 Making them soft and warm, and by thy power
 Couldst give both life and sense unto a flower.
 The cherries thou hast made to speak will be
 Sweeter unto the taste than from the tree;
 And, spight of winter-storms, amidst the snow
 Thou oft' hast made the blushing rose to grow.
 The sea-nymphs, that the watry caverns keep,
 Have sent their pearls and rubies from the deep
 To deck thy love, and, plac'd by thee, they drew
 More lustre to them than where first they grew.
 All minerals that earth's full womb doth hold
 Promiscuously thou couldst convert to gold,
 And with thy flaming raptures so refine,
 That it was much more pure than in the myne.
 The lights that gild the night, if thou didst say
 They look like eyes, those did outshine the day;
 For there would be more virtue in such spells
 Than in meridians or cross parallels.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

Whatever was of worth in this great frame,
That art could comprehend or wit could name,
It was thy theme for beauty: thou didst see
Woman was this fair world's epitome,
Thy nimble Satires, too, and ev'ry strain
With nerry strength that issu'd from thy brain,
Will lose the glory of their own clear bays,
If they admit of any other's praise.
But thy diviner poems, whose clear fire
Purges all dross away, shall by a choir
Of cherubims with heav'nly notes be let:
(Where flesh and blood could ne'er attain to yet)
There purest spirits sing such sacred lays
In panegyrique hallelujahs.

ARTH. WILSON.

IN MEMORY OF DR. DONNE,

BY MR. R. B.

DONNE dead! 't is here reported true, tho' I
Ne'er yet so much desir'd to hear a lye.
'Tis true, too true, for so we find it still,
Good news are often false, but seldom ill.
But must poor Fame tell us his fatal day,
And shall we know his death the common way?
Methinks some comet bright should have foretold
The death of such a man; for tho' of old

'Tis held that comets princes' deaths foretell,
 Why should not his have needed one as well, 10
 Who was the prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'd
 High as a prince, and as great state maintain'd?
 Yet wants he not his sign, for we have seen
 A dearth, the like to which hath never been,
 Treading on harvest heels, which doth presage 15
 The dearth of wit and learning, which this age
 Shall find, now he is gone; for tho' there be
 Much grain in shew, none brought it forth as he.

Or men are misers, or if true want raises 19
 The dearth, then more that dearth Donne's plenty
 Of learning, languages, of eloquence, [praises.
 And poeſie, paſt raviſhing of ſenſe,
 He had a magazine, wherein ſuch ſtore
 Was laid up as might hundreds ſerve of poor.

But he is gone! O! how will his deſire 25
 Torture all thoſe that warm'd them by his fire?
 Methinks I ſee him in the pulpit ſtanding,
 Nor ears or eyes, but all men's hearts commanding,
 Where we that heard him to ourſelves did feign
 Golden Chryſoſtome was yet alive again; 30
 And never were we wearied, till we ſaw
 His hour (and but an hour) to end did draw.
 How did he ſhame the doctrine-men, and uſe,
 With helps to boot for men to bear th' abuſe
 Of their tir'd patience, and endure th' expenſe 35
 Of time, O ſpent in heark'ning to nonſenſe!

With marks also enough, whereby to know
 The speaker is a zealous dunce; or so.
 'Tis true, they quitted him to their poor pow'r;
 They humm'd against him, and with face most fow'r
 Call'd him a strong-lin'd man, a mataroon, 41
 And no way fit to speak to clouted shoon.
 "As fine words truly as you would desire;
 "But, verily, but a bad edifier."
 Thus did these beetles flight in him that good 45
 They could not see, and much less understood.
 But we may say, when we compare the stuff
 Both wrought, he was a candle, they the snuff.
 Well, Wisdom's of her children justify'd,
 Let therefore these poor fellows stand aside; 50
 Nor, tho' of learning he deserv'd so highly,
 Would I his book should save him; rather sily
 I should advise his clergy not to pray,
 Tho' of the learnedst fort; methinks that they
 Of the same trade are judges not so fit; 55
 There's no such emulation as of wit.
 Of such the envy might as much perchance
 Wrong him, and more, than th'other's ignorance.
 It was his fate, I know't, to be envy'd
 As much by clerks as laymen magnify'd: 60
 And why? but 'cause he came late in the day,
 And yet his penny earn'd, and had as they.
 No more of this, lest some should say that I
 Am stray'd to satire, meaning elegy.

No, no; had Donne need to be judg'd or try'd, 63
 A jury I would summon on his side
 That had no sides nor factions past the touch
 Of all exceptions, freed from passion, such
 As not to fear nor flatter e'er were bred;
 These would I bring, tho' called from the dead: 70
 Southampton, Hamilton, Pembroke, Dorset's earls,
 Huntington, Bedford's countesses, the pearls
 Once of each sex. If these suffice not, I
 Ten *decem tales*, have of standers-by;
 All which for Donne would such a verdict give 75
 As can belong to none that now doth live.

But what do I? a diminution 't is
 To speak of him in verse so short of his,
 Whereof he was the master; all, indeed,
 Compar'd with him pip'd on an oaten reed. 80
 O that you had but one, 'mongst all your brothers,
 Could write for him as he hath done for others!
 Poets I speak to: when I see 't I'll say
 My eyesight betters as my years decay.
 Mean-while a quarrel I shall ever have 85
 Against these doughty keepers from the grave,
 Who use, it seems, their old authority,
 When verses men immortal make they cry;
 Which had it been a *recipe* true try'd,
Probatum esset, Donne had never dy'd. 90

For me, if e'er I had least spark at all
 Of that which they poetique fire do call,

Here I confess it fetched from his hearth,
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This only a poor flash, a lightning is 95
Before my Muse's death, as after his.
Farewell, fair Soul! and deign receive from me
This type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom, while living, as by voice and pen
I learned more than from a thousand men, 100
So by thy death am of one doubt releas'd;
And now believe that miracles are ceas'd. 102

EPITAPH ON DR. DONNE,

BY DR. CORBET, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

HE that would write an epitaph for thee,
And do it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so:
He must have wit to spare and to hurl down; 5
Enough to keep the gallants of the Town:
He must have learning plenty; both the laws,
Civil and Common, to judge any cause;
Divinity great store above the rest,
Not of the last edition, but the best. 10
He must have language, travel, all the arts;
Judgment to use, or else he wants thy parts:
He must have friends the highest, able to do,
Such as Mecænas, and Augustus too:

He must have such a sickness, such a death,
Of else his vain descriptions come beneath,
Who then shall write an epitaph for thee
He must be dead first; let it alone for me.

EPITAPH UPON DR. DONNE,

BY ENDY, PORTER.

THIS decent urn a sad inscription wears
Of Donne's departure from us to the sphears,
And the dumb stone with silence seems to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Express a cause to make all joy to cease,
And never let our sorrows more take ease,
For now it is impossible to find
One fraught with virtues to enrich a mind.
But why should Death, with a promiscuous hand,
At one rude stroke impoverish a land?
Thou strict attorney unto sterner Fate,
Didst thou confiscate his life out of hate
To his rare parts? or didst thou throw thy dart
With envious hand at some plebeian heart,
And he with pious virtue stept between
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseen
By thee? O! 't was his goodness so to do,
Which human kindness never reach'd unto.
Thus the hard laws of death were satisfy'd,
And he left us like orphan-friends, and dy'd.

Now from the pulpit to the people's ears
 Whose speech shall send repentant sighs and tears?
 Or tell me, if a purer virgin die,
 Who shall hereafter write her elegie?
 Poets! be silent; let your numbers sleep, 25
 For he is gone that did all fancy keep,
 Time hath no soul but his exalted verse,
 Which with amazements we may now rehearse. 28

EPITAPH.

HERE lies Dean Donne! Enough; those words alone
 Shew him as fully as if all the stone
 His church of Paul's contains were thorow inscrib'd,
 Or all the walkers there to speak him brib'd.
 None can mistake him, for one such as he,
 Donne, Dean, or Man, more none shall ever see.
 Not man? no; tho' unto a sun each eye
 Were turn'd, the whole earth so to overspy.
 A bold brave word; yet such brave spirits as knew
 His spirit, will say it is less bold than true. 30

SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

Away! thou changeling motely humourist;
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few books, let me lye
In prison, and here be coffin'd when I dye.
Here are God's conduits, grave divines; and here
Is Nature's secretary, the philosopher;
And wily statesmen, which teach how to tye
The sinews of a city's mystic body;
Here gathering chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddy fantastique poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
First swear by thy best love, here in earnest,
(If thou which lov'st all canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Tho' some more spruce companion thou dost meet;
Not tho' a captain do come in thy way
Bright parcel gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not tho' a brisk perfum'd pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courtesie to answer;
Nor come a velvet justice with a long
Great train of blew-coats, twelve or fourteen strong,

Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A speech to court his beauteous son and heir?
For better or worse take me or leave me; 23
To take and leave me is adultery.

Oh, monstrous! superstitious Puritan,
 Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man!
 That when thou meet'st one with enquiring eyes, A
 Dost search, and, like a needy broker, prize 39
 The silk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
 So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat;
 That wilt consort none till thou have known
 What lands he hath in hope, or of his own;
 As tho' all thy companions should make thee 33
 Joyntures, and marry thy dear company;
 Why shouldst thou (that dost not only approve,
 But in rank itchy lust desire and love,
 The nakedness and barrenness enjoy
 Of thy plump muddy whore or prostitute boy) 40
 Hate Virtue, tho' she naked be and bare?
 At birth and death our bodies naked are;
 And till our souls be unapparelled
 Of bodies they from bliss are banished.
 Man's first blest state was naked; when by sin 43
 He lost that, he was cloath'd but in beast's skin,
 And in this coarse attire, which I now wear,
 With God and with the Muses I confer.
 But since thou, like a contrite penitent,
 Charitably warn'd of thy sins, dost repent 50

These vanities and giddineſſes, lo
 I ſhut my chamber-door, and, Come, let's go.
 But ſooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
 Worn out by as many ſeveral men in fin
 As are black feathers or muſk-colour'd hoſe,
 Name her child's right true father 'mongſt all thoſe;
 Sooner may one gueſs who ſhall bear away
 The infantry of London hence to India;
 And ſooner may a gulling weather-ſpy,
 By drawing forth heav'n's ſcheme, tell certainly
 What faſhion'd hats, or ruffs, or ſuits, next year
 Our giddy-headed antick youth will wear,
 Than thou, when thou depart'ſt from me, can ſhow
 Whither, why, when, or with whom, thou wouldſt
 But how ſhall I be pardon'd my offence,
 That thus have ſinn'd againſt my conſcience?
 Now we are in the ſtreet; he firſt of all,
 Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
 And ſo imprifon'd and hemm'd in by me,
 Sells for a little ſtate his liberty;
 Yet tho' he cannot ſkip forth now to greet
 Every fine ſilken painted fool we meet,
 He them to him with amorous ſmiles allures,
 And grins, ſmacks, ſhrugs, and ſuch an itch endures
 As 'prentices or ſchool-boys, which do know
 Of ſome gay ſport abroad, yet dare not go;
 And as fiddlers ſtop loweſt at higheſt ſound,
 So to the moſt brave ſtoops he nigh'ſt the ground;

But to a grave man he doth move no more
 Than the wise politique horse would heretofore; 80
 Or thou, O Elephant or Ape! wilt do,
 When any names the King of Spain to you.
 Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, Do you see
 Yonder well-favour'd youth? Which? Oh! 'tis he
 That dances so divinely. Oh! said I, 85
 Stand still; must you dance here for company?
 He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excell
 Th' Indians in drinking his tobacco well)
 Met us: they talk'd; I whisper'd, Let us go;
 It may be you smell him not; truly I do. 90
 He hears not me; but on the other side
 A many-colour'd peacock having spy'd,
 Leaves him and me: I for my left sheep stay;
 He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
 Saying, Him whom I last left all repute 95
 For his device in handfoming a fuit;
 To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut and plait,
 Of all the court to have the best conceit:
 Our dull comedians want him; let him go:
 But, oh! God strengthen thee; why stoop'st thou so?
 Why, he hath travail'd long; no, but to me 105
 Which understood none, he doth seem to be
 Perfect French and Italian. I reply'd,
 So is the pox. He answer'd not, but spy'd
 More men of fort, of parts and qualities. 105
 At last his love he in a window spies,

And like light dew exhal'd he flings from me,
Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
Many there were he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and, turn'd out of door,
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And constantly a while must keep his bed.

SATIRE II.

SIR, tho' (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the rest.
Tho' poetry indeed be such a sin
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in,
Tho', like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,
(Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes,
As in some organs puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's
Charms
Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms.

Rams and flings now are silly battery;
 Pistolets are the best artillery:
 And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 Th' excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
 But he is worst who (beggerly) doth chaw
 Others' wit's fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue
 As his own things: and they're his own, 'tis true;
 For if one eat my meat, tho' it be known
 The meat was mine; th' excrement is his own.
 But these do me no harm, nor they which use
 To out-do dildoes and out-usure Jews,
 T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Litany,
 Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
 As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
 Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
 In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.
 But these punish themselves. The insolence
 Of Coscus only breeds my just offence,
 Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
 And plodding on must make a calf an ox)
 Hath made a lawyer, which (alas!) of late
 But scarce a poet, jollier of this state
 Than are new benefic'd ministers; he throws,
 Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes,

His title of Barrister on every wench;
 And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench;
 A motion, Lady I Speak, Cofcus. I have been
 In love e'er since *tristram* of the Queens
 Continual claims I've made, injunctions got
 To stay my rival's suit; that he should not
 Proceed; spare me, in Hilary term I went;
 You said, if I return'd next size in Lent,
 I should be in remitter of your grace;
 In th' interim my letters should take place
 Of affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear
 More, more than ten Slavonians scoldings, more
 Than when winds in our ruin'd abbys roar
 When sick with poetry, and possess'd with Muse
 Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
 Law-practice for meer gain, bold souls reputèd
 Worse than imbrothell'd strumpets prostitute
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
 His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear
 That only suretiship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a king's favourite, or like a king;
 Like a wedge in a block wring to the bar,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless far
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor

Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives;
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land;
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand;
 And spying heirs melting with luxury,
 Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuff,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuff
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
 (Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre as maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances big as gloss'd Civil laws;
 So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 These he writes not, nor for these written pays,
 Therefore spares no length, (as in those first days,
 When Luther was profess, he did desire
 Short Pater-nosters, saying, as a fryer,
 Each day his beads: but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer the power and glory clause)
 But when he sells or changes land, h' impairs
 His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out
 And sily, as any commentor, goes by
 Hard words or sense; or in divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the

Where are those spread woods which cloth'd heretofore
 Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
 Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
 Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals
 Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
 None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh!) w' allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statute-laws.

SATIRE III.

KIND pity checks my spleen; brave scorn forbids
 Those tears to issue which swell my eye-lids:
 I must not laugh nor weep sins; but be wise
 Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
 Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
 As worthy of our souls' devotion
 As virtue was to the first blinded age?
 Are not heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
 Lusts as earth's honour was to them? Alas!
 As we do them in means, shall they surpass
 Us in the end? and shall thy father's spirit
 Meet blind philosophers in heav'n, whose merit
 Of strict life may b' imputed faith, and hear
 Thee, whom he taught so easie ways and near

To follow, damn'd? Oh! if thou dar'st, fear this: 15
 This fear great courage and high valour is.
 Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay
 Thee in ships' wooden sepulchres, a prey
 To leader's rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth? 20
 Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
 Of frozen north-discoveries, and thrice
 Colder than salamanders? like divine
 Children in th' oven, fires of Spain and the line,
 Whose countries limbeck to our bodies be: 25
 Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
 Which cries not Goddess! to thy mistress, draw
 Or eat thy poysonous words? courage of straw!
 O desperate coward! wilt thou seem bold, and
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand) 30
 Centinel in this world's garrison) thus yield,
 And for forbid wars leave th' appointed field?
 Know thy foes: the foul devil (he whom thou
 Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as 35
 The world's all parts wither away and pass,
 So the world's self, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepit want, and thou loving this
 Dost love a withered and worn strumpet last;
 Flesh (itself's death) and joys, which flesh can taste,
 Thou lov'st; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth 40
 Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.

Seek true religion. O! where? Mirreus,
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
 Seeks her at Rome; there, because he doth know 45
 That she was there a thousand years ago.
 He loves the raggs so, as we here obey
 The state-cloth where the prince sate yesterday.
 Grants to such brave loves will not be inthrall'd,
 But loves her only who at Geneva is call'd 50
 Religion, plain, simple, fullen, young,
 Contemptuous, yet unhandsome; as among
 Lecherous humours there is one that judges
 No wenches wholesome but coarse country drudges.
 Grajus stays still at home here; and because 55
 Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
 Still new like fashions, bid him think that she
 Which dwells with us is only perfect, he
 Imbraceth her whom his godfathers will
 Tender to him, being tender; as wards still 60
 Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
 Pay values. Careless Phrygius doth abhor
 All, because all cannot be good; as one
 Knowing some women whores dares marry none.
 Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so 65
 As women do in diverse countries go
 In diverse habits, yet are still one kind,
 So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
 Nefs too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one, allow, 70

And the right; ask thy father which is she;
 Let him ask his. Tho' Truth and Falshood be
 Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is:
 Be busie to seek her; believe me this,
 He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
 T'adore or scorn an image, or protest,
 May all be bad. Doubt wisely. In strange ways
 To stand inquiring right is not to stray;
 To sleep or run wrong is. On a huge hill,
 Cragged and steep, Truth stands; and he that will
 Reach her about must; and about it, go,
 And what the hill's suddenness resists win so.
 Yet strive so that before age, death's twilight,
 Thy soul rest; for none can work in that night;
 To will implies delay; therefore now do:
 Hard deeds the body's pains; hard knowledge to
 The mind's endeavours reach; and mysteries
 Are like the sun, dazling, yet plain t' all eyes.
 Keep the truth which thou hast found; men do not
 In so ill cast, that God hath with his hand
 Sign'd kings' blank-charters to kill whom they hate.
 Nor are they vicars, but hangmen, to Fate.
 Fool and wretch! wilt thou let thy soul be ty'd
 To man's laws, by which she shall not be ty'd
 At the last day? or will it then boot thee
 To say a Philip or a Gregory,
 A Harry or a Martin, taught me this?
 Is not this excuse for meer contraries?

Equally strong? cannot both sides say so?
 That thou may'st rightly obey Power, her bounds
 know; Those past her nature and name's chang'd; to be
 Then humble to her is idolatry.
 As streams are, power is: those blest flowers that dwell
 At the rough stream's calm head thrive and do well;
 But having left their roots, and themselves given
 To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas! are driven
 Thro' mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
 Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
 So perish souls which more chuse men's unjust
 Power, from God claim'd, than God himself to trust.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive and die. My sin
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
 A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation, and scant map of this.
 My mind neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
 Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen.
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to court: but as Glare, which did go
 To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 The hundred marks, which is the statute's curse,
 Before he 'scap'd; so 't pleas'd my Destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me

As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-ful,
 Vul, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witless, and as false as they
 Which dwell in court, for once going that way,
 Therefore I suffer'd this: Towards me did run
 A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the fun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name: 20
 Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
 Than Africk's monsters, Guiana's rarities;
 Stranger than strangers; one who for a Dane
 In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had liv'd then, and without help dies
 When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise: 25
 One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
 One t' whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are.
 His cloaths were strange, tho' coarse, and black, tho'
 Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
 Velvet, but 't was now (so much ground was seen)
 Become tufftassaty; and our children shall
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all. 34
 The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all tongues,
 And only knoweth what t' all states belongs.
 Made of th' accents and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;
 But pedant's motley tongue, foldier's bombast, 49

Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law, T
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement;
In which he can win widows, and pay scores, 45
Make men speak treason, couzen subtilst whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me: I whisper, God!
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod, 50
This fellow, chuseth me? He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer
For the best linguist? and I fillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men? Most sweet Sir! Beza, then, 55
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies, I nam'd. Here
He stopt me, and said; Nay, your apostles were
Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass 60
By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tow'r had stood. 65
He adds, If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
My loneness is, but Spartane's fashion,

To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
 Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste; 70
 No more can princes' courts, tho' there be few
 Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.
 He, like to a high-stretcht lute-string, squeakt, O, Sir!
 'Tis sweet to talk of kings! At Westminster,
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abby-tombs, 75
 And for his price doth, with who ever comes,
 Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
 From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
 Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
 Kings only; the way to it is King's-street. 80
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic coarse;
 So're all your English men in their discourse.
 Are not your French men neat? Mine, as you see,
 I have but one, Sir; look, he follows me.
 Certes, they're neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am, 85
 Your only wearing is your grogram.
 Not so, Sir; I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly. I chaf'd him; but as itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron grownd
 Into an edge, hurts worse; so I (fool!) found 90
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
 He to another key his stile doth dress,
 And asks, What news? I tell him of new plays:
 He takes my hand, and, as a still which stays
 A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly, 95
 As loath to inrich me, so tells many a lye,

More than ten Hollenheads, or Halls, or Stows;
Of trivial household trash he knows. He knows
When the queen frown'd or smil'd; and he knows what
A subtile statesman may gather of that :
He knows who loves whom, and who by poyson
Hasts to an office's reversion :
He knows who 'hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A license old iron, boots, shoos, and egg-
Shells to transport. Shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier; and, wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home-meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
He thrusts on more; and as he 'had undertook
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to th' los of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail, so I sigh and sweat
To hear this makaron talk in vain; for yet,
Either my humour or his own to fit,
He, like a priviledg'd spy, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man :
He names a price for every office paid :
He saith, Our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
That offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them lasting as far

As the last day; and that great officers 125
 Do with the pirats share and Dunkirkers.
 Who wastes in meat, in cloaths, in horse, he notes;
 Who loves whores, who boys, and who goats.
 I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then 130
 Becoming traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our giant statues ope his jaw
 To suck me in for hearing him: I found
 That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
 By giving others their sores, I might grow 135
 Guilty, and he free: therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine and my forefathers' sin
 To the last farthing: therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross; but th' hour
 Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring 141
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
 And says, Sir, can you spare me? I said, Willingly.
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
 Gave it as ransom: But as fiddlers still, 145
 Tho' they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jigg upon you; so did he
 With his long complemental thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my crown. Scant 150
 His thanks were ended when I (which did see
 All the court fill'd with such strange things as he)

Ran from thence with such or more haste than one
 Who fears more actions doth haste from prison
 At home in wholesome solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suiters at court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his who dreamt he saw hell did advance
 Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
 I saw at court, and worse, and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser; then
 Shall I, none's slave, of high born or rais'd men
 Fear frowns, and my mistress, Truth! betray thee
 To th' huffing, braggart, puffed nobilitie?
 No, no; thou which since yesterday hast been
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen
 O Sun! in all thy journey vanity
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Think he which made your waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
 Taste have in them, our's are; and natural
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.
 'Tis ten a clock, and past; all whom the Meuse,
 Baloun, tennis, diet, or the stews
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
 In the presence, and I, (God pardon me!)
 As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as he

The fields they sold to buy them. For a king
 Those hofe are, crys the flatterer; and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
 At stage as court. All are players; whoe'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheap-side books,
 Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
 The ladys come. As pirats, which do know
 That there came weak ships fraught with cochenal,
 The men board them, and praise (as they think) well
 Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns I thought
 This cause: these men men's wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all reds which scarlets die.
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
 She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
 Would n't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shooe himself at door refine,
 As if the presence were a Moschite; and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
 Making them confess not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
 So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
 Perfect as circles, with such nicety

As a young preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady, which owes
 Him not so much as good-will, he arrests;
 And unto her protests, protests, protests;
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
 Ten cardinals into the Inquisition,
 And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
 Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying of our Lady's psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague; they merit it.
 But here comes Glorius, that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreame only doth
 Call a rough carelessness good fashion;
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm;
 He meant to cry; and tho' his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe,
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
 'Tis d, now, I leave this place, and but pleas'd for
 As men from gaols to execution go;
 Go thro' the Great Chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins?) being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing-croft for a bar; men that do know
 No token of worth but queen's man and fine
 Living, barrels of beef and flagons of wine,

I shook like a spy'd spy. Preachers! which are
 Sess of wit and arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins of this place; for, for me,
 Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
 To wash the stains away; altho' I yet
 (With Machabec, modestly) the known merit
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

SATIRE V.

THOU shalt not laugh, in this leaf, Muse! nor they
 Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
 Rules to make courtiers, he being understood
 May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?
 Frees from the sting of jests all who in extremity
 Are wretched or wicked; of these two a theorem
 Charity and Liberty give me. What is he
 Who officers' rage and suiters' misery
 Can write in jest? If all things be in all,
 As I think, since all which were, are, and shall
 Be, be made of the same elements,
 Each thing each thing implies or represents;
 Then man is a world, in which officers
 Are the vast ravishing seas, and suiters
 Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which to
 That which drowns them run: these self reasons do

Prove the world a man, in which officers
 Are the devouring stomach, and suitors
 Th' excrements which they void. All men are dust;
 How much worse are suitors, who to men's lust 20
 Are made praye? O worse than dust or worms' meat!
 For they eat you now whose selves worms shall eat.
 They are the mills which grind you; yet you are
 The wind which drives them; and a wastful war
 Is fought against you, and you fight it: they 25
 Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
 Like wittals; th' issue your own ruin is.
 Greatest and fairest Empress! know you this?
 Alas! no more than Thames' calm head doth know
 Whose meads her arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.
 You, Sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I, 35
 By having leave to serve, am most richly
 For service paid authoriz'd, now begin
 To know and weed out this enormous sin.
 O Age of rusty Iron! some better wit 35
 Call it some worse name, if ought equal it.
 Th' Iron Age was when justice was sold; now
 Injustice is sold dearer far. Allow
 All claim'd fees and duties, gamesters, anon
 The money which you sweat and swear for's gone 40
 Into other hands. So controverted lands
 'Scape, like Angelica, the striver's hands.
 If law be in the judge's heart, and he
 Have no heart to resist letter or fee, 44

Where wilt thou appeal? power of the courts below;
 Flows from the first main head; and these can throw
 Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
 To fetters, halters. But if th' injury
 Steel thee to dare complain, alas! thou go'st
 Against the stream, upwards, when thou art most 50
 Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,
 'Gainst whom thou shouldst complain, will in thy way
 Become great seas, o'er which, when thou shalt be
 Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
 That all thy gold was drown'd in them before. 55
 All things follow their like, only who have may have
 Judges are gods; and he who made them so [more.
 Meant not men should be forc'd to them to go
 By means of angels. When supplications
 We send to God, to dominations, 60
 Powers, cherubins; and all heaven's courts, if we
 Should pay fees, as here, daily bread would be
 Scarce to kings; so 't is. Would it not anger
 A Stoick, a coward, yea, a martyr,
 To see a pursuivant come in, and call 65
 All his clothes Copes, books Primers, and all
 His plate Chalices; and mis-take them away,
 And ask a fee for coming? Oh! ne'er may
 Fair Law's white rev'rend name be strumpeted,
 To warrant thefts: she is established 70
 Recorder to Destiny on earth, and she
 Speaks Fate's words, and tells who must be

Rich, who poor, who in chairs, and who in gaols:
 She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
 With which she scratcheth suitors. In bodies 75
 Of men, so in law, nails are extremities;
 So officers stretch to more than law can do,
 As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
 Why bar'st thou to you' officer? Fool! hath he
 Got those goods for which erst men bar'd to thee? 80
 Fool! twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong and now
 . . . hungerly

Begg'st right, but that dole comes not till these dy.
 Thou hadst much, and law's Urim and Thummim try
 Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper
 Enough to cloath all the great Charrick's pepper. 85
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese
 Than Hammon, when he sold 's antiquities.
 O Wretch! that thy fortunes should moralize
 Æsop's Fables, and make tales prophecies.
 Thou art the swimming dog, whom shadows cozened,
 Which div'st, near drowning, for what vanished. 91

SATIRE VI.

MEN write that love and reason disagree,
 But I ne'er saw't exprest as 't is in thee.
 Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee fee;
 But thine eyes blind too, there's no hope for thee.

Thou say'st she's wife and witty, fair and free; 3
All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it show
By matching her, as she would match her foe;
And wouldst persuade her to a worse offence
Than that whereof thou didst accuse her wench. 10
Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'st vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her sex
Shun her she needs must change: I do not see
How reason e'er can bring that must to thee.
Thou art a match a justice to rejoyce, 15
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
Dry'd with his threats she'd scarcely stay with thee,
And wouldst th' have this to chuse thee, being free?
Go, then, and punish some soon gotten stuff;
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough 20
In hating thee. Thou may'st one like this meet;
For spight take her, prove kind, make thy breath sweet:
Let her see she hath cause, and to bring to thee
Honest children, let her dishonest be.
If she be a widow, I'll warrant her 25
She'll thee before her first husband prefer;
And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,
(She'll love thee so) for then thou hadst been dead.
But thou such strong love and weak reasons hast,
Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd. 30
Yet pause a while, and thou may'st live to see
A time to come wherein she may beg thee.

If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now,
Do what she can, love for nothing allow.

Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise,
And when thou art rewarded desert dies. 36

Now thou hast odds of him she loves; he may doubt
Her constancy, but none can put thee out.

Again, be thy love true, she'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on't will be thine; 40

For tho' thou must ne'er think of other love,

And so wilt advance her as high above

Virtue as cause above effect can be,

'Tis virtue to be chaste, which she'll make thee. 44

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EPITHALAMIONS:

OR,

MARRIAGE SONGS.

AN EPITHALAMION

*On Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine, and the Lady
Elizabeth, being married on St. Valentine's day.*

I.

HAILE, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marry'st every year 3
The lyrique lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the black-bird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon; 10
The husband cock looks out, and strait is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more chearfully than ever shine;
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

II.

Till now thou warm'dst with multiplying loves 15
Two larks, two sparrows, or two doves;

All that is nothing unto this,
 For thou this day couplest two phoenixes.
 Thou mak'st a taper see
 What the sun never saw, and what the ark;
 (Which was of fowl and beasts the cage and park)
 Did not contain; one bed contains thro' thee
 Two phoenixes, whose joyned breasts
 Are unto one another mutual nests;
 Where motion kindles such fires as shall give
 Young phoenixes, and yet the old shall live;
 Whose love and courage never shall decline,
 But make the whole year th'rough thy day, O Valen-
 tine!
 Up then, fair phoenix Bride! frustrate the sun;
 Thyself from thine affection
 Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye
 All lesser birds will take their jollity.
 Up, up, fair Bride! and call
 Thy stars from out their several boxes; take
 Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds, forth, and make
 Thyself a constellation of them all;
 And by their blazing signify
 That a great princess falls, but doth not die;
 Be thou a new star, that to us portends
 Ends of much wonder, and be thou those ends.
 Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
 May all men date records from this day, Valentine!

IV.

Come forth, come forth! and as one glorious flame
 Meeting another grows the same,
 So meet thy Frederick, and so
 To an unseparable union go;
 Since separation
 Falls not on such things as are infinite,
 Nor things which are but once an disunite;
 You're twice inseparable, great, and one.
 Go then to where the Bishop stays
 To make you one; his way, which divers ways
 Must be effected; and when all is past,
 And that y' are one, by hearts and hands made fast,
 You two have one way left yourselves t'entwine,
 Besides this Bishop's knot of Bishop Valentine.

V.

But, oh! what ails the sun, that hence he stays
 Longer to-day than other days?
 Stays he new light from these to get?
 And finding here such stars is loth to set?
 And why do you two walk
 So slowly pac'd in this procession?
 Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
 And be to others spectacle and talk?
 The feast with gluttonous delays
 Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise.
 The masquers come late, and I think will stay,
 Like Fairies, till the cock crow them away.

Alas ! did not Antiquity assign
A night as well as day to thee, old Valentine? 70

They did, and night is come; and yet we see
Formalities retarding thee.

What mean these ladies, which (as tho'
They were to take a clock in pieces) go
So nicely about the bride? 75

A bride, before a good-night could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes into her bed,
As souls from bodies steal, and are not spy'd.

But now she's laid: what tho' she be?
Yet there are more delays; for where is he? 80

He comes, and passeth thro' spear after spear;
First her sheets, then her arms, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night, be thine;
Thy day was but the eye to this, O Valentine!

VII.

Here lies a she sun, and a he moon there;
She gives the best light to his sphere; 85

Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe;
And yet they do; but are
So just and rich in that coin which they pay, 90
That neither would, nor needs, forbear nor stay;
Neither desires to be spar'd nor to spare:
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again:

They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall! 95
 No occasion to be liberal.
 More truth, more courage, in these two do shine
 Than all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine!

VIII.

And by this act of these two phoenixes
 Nature again restored is; 100
 For since these two are two no more,
 There's but one phoenix still, as was before.
 Rest now, at last, and we
 (As Satyrs watch the sun's uprise) will stay
 Waiting when your eyes opened let out day, 105
 Only desired, because your face we see;
 Others near you shall whispering speak,
 And wagers lay, at which side day will break,
 And win, by observing then whose hand it is
 That opens first a curtain, her's or his. 110
 This will be try'd to-morrow after nine,
 Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine! 112

EPITHALAMION

MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

THE sun-beams in the East are spread,
Leave, leave, fair Bride! your solitary bed;
No more shall you return to it alone,
It nurseth sadness; and your bodie's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint:
You and your other you meet there anon;
Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in these sheets will smoo-
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be oft' more nigh.
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

H.
Daughters of London! you which be
Our golden mynes and furnish'd treasure;
You which are angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of angels on your marriage days,
Help with your presence, and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel;
Make her for Love fit fuel
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Indie;
So may she, fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

III.

And you, frolique Patricians! 25
 Sons of those senators, wealth's deep oceans;
 Ye painted Courtiers! barrells of others' wits,
 Ye Country men! who but your beasts love none;
 Ye of those fellowships, whereof he's one;
 Of study and play made strange hermaphrodits,
 Here shine; this bridegroom to the temple bring,
 Loe! in yon' path which store of strow'd flow'rs
 graceth,
 The sober virgin paceth;
 Except my sight fail 't is no other thing:
 Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame;
 To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

IV.

Thy two-leav'd gates, fair Temple! unfold,
 And these two in thy sacred bosom hold,
 Till mystically joyn'd but one they be;
 Then may thy lean and hunger-starved womb
 Long time expect their bodies and their tomb,
 Long after their own parents fatten thee.
 All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,
 All yielding to new loves be far for ever,
 Which might these two dissever,
 Always all th' other may each one possess;
 For the best bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
 To-day puts on perfection and a woman's name.

.VI

Winter days bring much delight,
Nor for themselves, but for they soon bring night;
Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats;
Other disports than dancing jollities;
Other love-tricks than glancing with the eyes;
But that the sun still in our half sphere sweats;
He flies in winter, but he now stands still,
Yet shadows turn; noon-point he hath attain'd;
His steeds will be restrain'd;
But gallop lively down the western hill;
Thou shalt, when he hath run the heav'n's half
frame,

To-night put on perfection and a woman's name. 60

.VI.

The amorous evening-star is rose,
Why then should not our amorous star inclose
Herself in her wish'd bed? Release your strings,
Musicians! and, Dancers! take some truce
With these your pleasing labours; for great use
As much weariness as perfection brings;
You, and not only you but all toyl'd beast
Rest duly; at night all their toyls are dispenc'd;
But in their beds commenc'd
Are other labours, and more dainty feasts
She goes a maid who, lest she turn the same,
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name.

VII.

Thy virgin's girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptial bed (Love's altar) lye
A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossess
Thee of these chains and robes which were put on
T' adorn the day, not thee; for thou alone,
Like Virtue and Truth, are best in nakedness:
This bed is only to virginity
A grave, but to a better state a cradle;
Till now thou wast but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be said I may be, but I am,
To-night put on perfection and a woman's name.

VIII.
Ev'n like a faithful man, content
That this life for a better should be spent,
So she a mother's rich stile doth prefer,
And at the bridegroom's wish'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
The priest comes on his knees t' imbowel her.
Now sleep or watch with more joy; and, oh! light
Of heav'n! to-morrow rise thou hot and early,
This sun will love so dearly
Her rest, that long, long, we shall want her sight.
Wonders are wrought; for she which had no name.
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name.

ECLOGUE.

DECEMBER 26. 1613.

*Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Christmas-time,
reprehends his absence from Court at the marriage of the
Earl of Somerset: Idios gives an account of his purpose
therein, and of his actions there.*

ALLOPHANES.

UNSEASONABLE man! statue of ice!
What could to country's solitude entice
Thee in this year's cold and decrepit time?
Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime
Ev'n smaller birds who by that courage dare
In numerous fleets sail thro' their sea, the air.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whilst Flora herself doth a frize jerkin wear?
Whilst winds do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
Thy madness from thee, and all springs by frost
Having tak'n cold and their sweet murmurs lost?
If thou thy faults or fortunes wouldst lament
With just solemnity, do it in Lent.
At court the spring already advanced is,
The sun stays longer up; and yet not his
The glory is; far other, other fires:
First zeal to prince and state, then Love's desires,
Burn in one breast, and, like heav'n's two great lights,
The first doth govern days, the other nights: 20

And then that early light which did appear
 Before the sun and moon created were,
 The prince's favour, is diffus'd o'er all,
 From which all fortunes, flames, and natures, fall; 24
 Then from those wombs of stars, the bride's bright
 At ev'ry glance a constellation flies, [eyes,
 And sows the court with stars, and doth prevent
 In light and power the all-ey'd firmament.
 First her eyes kindle other ladies' eyes,
 Then from their beams, their jewels, lusters rise, 30
 And from their jewels torches do take fire,
 And all is warmth, and light, and good desire.
 Most other courts, alas! are like to hell,
 Where in dark plots fire without light doth dwell;
 Or but like stoves, for lust and envy get 35
 Continual but artificial heat.
 Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digest,
 And make our court an everlasting East;
 And canst thou be from thence?

Idios. No, I am there: 40
 As heav'n, to men dispos'd, is ev'ry where;
 So are those courts whose princes animate
 Not only all their house but all their state.
 Let no man think, because he's full, he 'hath all:
 Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal 45
 Not only in fulness but capacitie,
 Enlarging narrow men to feel and see,

And comprehend the blessings they bestow,
 So reclus'd hermits oftentimes do know
 More of heav'n's glory than a worldling eard
 As man is of the world; the heart of man
 Is an epitome of God's great book
 Of creatures, and men need no farther look;
 So 's the country of courts, where sweet peace doth
 As their own common soul, give life to both:
 And am I then from court?

ALLOPHANES. Dreamer! thou art
 Think'st thou, Fantastique! that thou hast a part
 In the Indian fleet, because thou hast
 A little spice or amber in thy taste?
 Because thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
 Seest thou all good, because thou seest no harm?
 The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
 Stuff well dispos'd, and which would fain be gold,
 But never shall, except it chance to lye
 So upward, that Heav'n gild it with his eye.
 As for divine things, faith comes from above,
 So, for best civil use all tinctures move
 From higher powers: from God religion springs,
 Wisdom and honour from the use of kings;
 Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,
 That angels, tho' on earth employ'd they be,
 Are still in heav'n; so is he still at home
 That doth abroad to honest actions come.

Chide thyself then, O Pooll, which yesterday
 Might'st have read more than all thy books betwray.
 Hast thou a history which doth present
 A court where all affections do assent
 Unto the king's, and that the king's are just?
 And where it is no levity to trust;
 Where there is no ambition but to obey;
 Where men need whisper nothing and yet may;
 Where the king's favours are so plac'd, that all
 Find that the king therein is liberal
 To them, in him, because his favours bend
 To virtue, to the which they all proceed;
 Thou hast no such, yet here was this, and more;
 An earnest lover, wise then, and before
 Our little Cupid hath his livery,
 And is no more in his minority;
 He is admitted how into that beauteous
 Where the king's counsell and his secrets rest.
 What hast thou lost? O ignorant man!
 IDIOS. I knew
 All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
 To know and feel all this, and not to have
 Words to express it, makes a man a grave
 Of his own thoughts: I would not therefore stay
 At a great feast, having no grace to say;
 And yet I 'scap'd not here; for being come
 Full of the common joy, I utter'd some.

Read then this Nuptial-song, which was not made
 Either the court or men's hearts to invade;
 But since I'm dead and buried, I could frame
 No epitaph which might advance my fame;
 So much as this poor Song, which testifies
 I did unto that day some sacrifice.

LO THE TIME OF THE MARRIAGE. I.

Thou art reprieu'd, old Year! thou shalt not die,
 Tho' thou upon thy death-bed lie;
 And shouldst within five days expire;
 Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire
 Than thy old soul, the sun,
 When he doth in his largest circle run.
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,
 And open wide their easie liquid jaw,
 To all our ships, could a Prometheus
 Either unto the Northern Pole impart
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

THE QUALITY OF PERSONS.

BUT, undiscerning Muse! which heart, which eyes,
 In this new couple dost thou prize;
 When his eye as inflaming is
 As her's, and her heart loves as well as his?
 He try'd by beauty, and then
 The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;

If by that manly courage they be try'd
Which scorps unjust opinion, then the bride
Becomes a man: should chance or envie's start
Divide these two, whom Nature scarce did part;
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the loving
heart?

III. RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Tho' it be some divorce to think of you
Single, so much one are you two,
Let me here contemplate thee
First, chearful Bridegroom! and first let me see
How thou prevent'st the sun,
And his red foaming horses dost outrun;
How, having laid down in thy soveraign's breast
All busineses, from thence to reinvest
Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art
To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IV. RAISING OF THE BRIDE.

BUT now to thee, fair Bride! it is some wrong
To think thou wert in bed so long;
Since soon thou liest down first, it is fit
Thou in first rising should allow for it:
Powder thy radiant hair,
Which if without such ashes thou wouldst wear,

Thou who, to all which come to look upon,
 Wert meant for Phoebus, wouldst be Phatton.
 For our ease give thine eyes th' unusual part;
 Of joy, a tear; so quench'd, thou may'st impart
 To us that come thy inflaming eyes, to him thy lo-
 ving heart.

V. HER APPARELLING.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
 Who can the sun in water see;
 So dost thou when in silk and gold
 Thou cloud'st thyself; since we which do behold
 Are dust and worms; 'tis just
 Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
 Let ev'ry jewel be a glorious star;
 Yet stars are not so pure as their spheres are;
 And tho' thou stoop'st appear to us in part,
 Still in that picture thou intirely art,
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his lo-
 ving heart.

VI. GOING TO THE CHAPEL.

Now from your east you issue forth, and we,
 As men which thro' a cypress tree
 The rising sun, do think it two;
 So as you go to church do think of you;
 But that vail being gone,
 By the church rites you are from thenceforth one.

The church triumphant made this match before,
 And now the militant doth strive no more;
 Then, reverend Priest! who God's recorder art,
 Do from his dictates to these two impart
 All blessings which are seen, or thought, by angels
 eye or heart.

VII. THE BENEDICTION.

BLEST pair of Swans! oh! may you interbring
 Daily new joys, and never sing;
 Live till all grounds of wishes fail,
 Till honour, yea, till wisdom, grow so stale,
 That new great heights to trie,
 It must serve your ambition to die.
 Raise heirs, and may here to the world's end live;
 Heirs from this king to take thanks, you to give.
 Nature and grace do all, and nothing art.
 May never age or error overthwart
 With any west these radiant eyes, with any north this

VIII. FEASTS AND REVELS.

BUT you are over-blest: plenty this day
 Injures; it causeth time to stay;
 The tables groan, as tho' this feast
 Would, as the flood, destroy all fowl and beast.
 And were the doctrine new
 That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;

For every part to dance and revel goes;
 They tread the air, and fall not where they rose.
 Tho' six hours since the sun to bed did part,
 The masks and banquets will not yet impart
 A sunset to these weary eyes; a center to this heart.

IX. THE BRIDE'S GOING TO BED.

WHAT mean'st thou, Bride! this company to keep?
 To sit up till thou fain would sleep?
 Thou may'st not when thou'rt laid do so;
 Thyself must to him a new banquet grow,
 And you must entertain,
 And do all this day's dances o'er again.
 Know, that if sun and moon together do
 Rise in one point, they do not set so too:
 Therefore thou may'st, fair Bride! to bed depart;
 Thou art not gone being gone; where'er thou art
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy
 loving hearts.

X. THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING.

As he that sees a star fall run apace,
 And finds a gelly in the place,
 So doth the bridegroom haste as much;
 Being told this star is fall, and finds her such.
 And as friends may look strange
 By a new fashion or apparel's change,

Their souls, tho' long acquainted they had been;
 These clothes their bodies never yet had seen;
 Therefore at first she modestly might start;
 But must forthwith surrender every part
 As freely as each to each before gave either hand or

XI. THE GOOD-NIGHT.

Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,
 Uſchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine
 In warmth; light, lasting, equal the divine
 Fire ever doth aspire,
 And makes all like itself, turns all to fire;
 But ends in ashes; which these cannot do;
 For none of these is fuel, but fire too.
 This is joy's bonfire then, where love's strong arts
 Make of so noble individual parts,
 One fire of four inflaming eyes and of two loving
 As I have brought this song, that I may do
 A perfect sacrifice, I'll burn it too.

ALLOPH. No, Sir, this paper I have justly got,
 For in burnt incense the perfume is not
 His only that presents it, but of all.
 Whatever celebrates this Festival
 Is common, since the joy thereof is so;
 Nor may yourself be priest but public good
 Back to the court, and I will lay it upon
 Such altars as prize your devotion.

HOLY SONNETS.

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay;
 Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
 I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
 I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
 Despair behind, and death before, doth cast
 Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh.
 Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
 By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
 But our old subtil foe doth tempt me,
 That not one hour myself I can sustain.
 Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And thou, like adamant, draw mine iron heart.

As due by many titles, I resign
 Myself to thee, O God: First I was made
 By thee, and for thee; and when I was decay'd
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine.
 I am thy son, made with myself to shine,
 Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repay'd;
 Thy sheep; thine image; and, till I betray'd
 Myself, a temple of thy Spirit divine.

Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
 Why doth he steal, nay, ravish, that's thy right? 10
 Except thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
 Oh! I shall soon despair, when I shall see [me,
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose
 And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

Oh! might these sighs and tears return again I
 Into my breast and eyes which I have spent,
 That I might, in this holy discontent,
 Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain.
 In mine idolatry what show'rs of rain
 Mine eyes did waste; what griefs my heart did rent?
 That sufferance was my sin, now repentance
 'Cause I did suffer; I must suffer pain.
 Th' hydropick drunkard, and night-scouting thief,
 The itchy lecher, and self-tickling proud,
 Have th' remembrance of past joys for relief
 Of coming ills. To (poor) me is allow'd
 No ease; for long yet vehement grief hath been
 Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

Oh! my black soul! now thou art summoned
 By Sickness, Death's herald and champion,
 Thou'rt like a pilgrim which abroad hath done

Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled;
 Or like a thief, which, till death's doom be read,
 Wisheth himself delivered from prison;
 But damn'd, and haw'd to execution,
 Wisheth that still he might be imprison'd:
 Yet grate, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
 But who shall give thee that grate to begin?
 Oh! make thyself with soty mourning black,
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;
 Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,
 That, being red, it dyes red souls to white.
 I AM a little world, made cunningly
 Of elements and an angelick spright;
 But black sin hath betray'd to endless night
 My world's both parts, and (oh!) both parts must die:
 You, which beyond this heav'n, which was most high,
 Have found new spheres, and of new hand can write,
 Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
 Drown my world with my weeping earnestly,
 Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more;
 But, oh! it must be burnt: alas! the fire
 Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,
 And made it fouler: let their flames retire,
 And burn me, O Lord! with a fierce zeal
 Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heal.

This is my play's last scene; here Heaven appoints
 My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race, in which
 Idly yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
 My span's last inch, my minute's latest point,
 And gluttonous Death will instantly joyn
 My body and soul, and I shall sleep apace:
 But my ever-waking part shall see that face
 Whose fear already shakes my every joint.
 Then as my soul to heav'n, her first seat, takes flight,
 And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell,
 So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
 To where they're bred, and would press me to hell.
 Impute me righteous; thus purg'd of evil;
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.
 At the round earth's imagin'd corners blow
 Your trumpets, Angels; and arise, arise
 From death, you numberless infinities
 Of souls; and to your scattered bodies go,
 All whom th' flood did, and fire shall overthrow;
 All whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
 Despair, law, chance, hath slain; and you whose eyes
 Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
 But let them sleep, Lord! and me mourn apace;
 For if above all these my sins abound,
 'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace
 When we are there. Here on this holy ground

Teach me how to repent, for that's a good
 As if thou hadst sent my pardon with thy blood;
 O God! oh! of thine only worthy blood,
 And my tears, make a holy, precious blood.
 If faithful souls be like glorify'd
 As angels, thou my father's soul dost see;
 And adds this ev' to full reliance,
 That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erstride;
 But if our minds to these souls be descri'd
 By circumstances and by signs that be
 Apparent in us not immediately,
 How shall my mind's white truth by them be try'd?
 They seem'd to be so very, we plain know,
 And still blasphemy confers, as still
 On Jesus' name, and Pharisaeal
 Dissemblers set up devotion. Then turn,
 O passive Soul, as God, for he knoweth best
 Thy griefs for he put it into my breast.
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness, dwell;
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well.
 Is poisonous minerals, and if that tree
 Whose fruit was death by (else hang'd on a tree)
 If lecherous goats, if serpents envious,
 Cannot be damn'd, alas! why should I be?
 Why should intent or reason, born in me,
 Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
 And mercy being easie and glorious

To God; in his stern wrath why threatens he?
 But who am I that dare dispute with thee?
 O God! oh! of thine only worthy blood,
 And my tears, make a heav'nly Lethæan flood,
 And drown in it my sin's black memory;
 That thou remember them some claim as debt,
 I think it mercy if thou wilt forget.

DEATH! be not proud, tho' some have call'd thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
 Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow;
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
 Thou'rt slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poyson, war, and sickness dwell,
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

XI.
 SPIT in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
 Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucifie me;
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and only he
 Who could do no iniquity hath dy'd;

But by my death cannot be satisfy'd
 My sins, which pass the Jews' impieties;
 They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
 Crucifie him daily, being now glorify'd.
 O let me then his strange love still admire,
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment;
 As Jacob came, cloth'd in vile harlot attire,
 But to supplant, and with gainful intent,
 God cloth'd himself in vile man's flesh, that so
 He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XII

WHY are we by all creatures waited on?
 Why do the prodigal elements supply
 Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
 Simpler, and further from corruption?
 Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse! subjection?
 Why do you, bull and bear, so fillily
 Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,
 Whose whole kind you might swallow land feed upon?
 Weaken I am, woe's me! and worse than you?
 You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous,
 But wonder at a greater, for to us
 Created nature doth these things subdue;
 But their Creator, whom sin nor nature ty'd,
 For us, his creatures and his foes, hath dy'd.

WHAT if this picture were the world's last night?
 Mark in my heart, O Soul! where thou dost dwell,
 The picture of Christ crucify'd, and tell
 Whether his countenance can thee affright;
 Tears in his eyes inspect the shining light;
 Blood fills his forehead, which his blood has seal'd;
 And can that tongue be dumb, that cannot tell
 Which pray'd for his sake, for his blood's sake might?
 No, no; but as in my idolatry
 I said to all my profane mistresses,

10

Beauty of pity, foulness only is
 A sign of rigour; so I say to thee:
 To wicked spirits and horrid shapes assign'd;
 This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.
 And so, my dear, my dear, my dear, my dear,
 BATTER my heart, three-person'd God, for you
 As yet but kingly, brazenly, shine, and look to mend
 That I may rise and stand; O earth, O wind, O sea,
 Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new!
 Is like an usurpation, to another due.
 Labour t' admit you, but, but to no end
 Reason, your victory in me, we should defend,
 But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue;
 Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd still,
 But am betroth'd unto your enemy.

10

Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again;
Take me to you; imprison me; for I,
Except you, enthrall me, never shall be free;
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV.

WILT thou love God as he thee? then digest,
My Soul, this wholesome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by angels waited on,
In heav'n, doth make his temple in thy breast.

The Father having begot a Son most blest, 5
And still begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption;
Coheir to' his glory', and Sabbath's endless rest:
And as a robb'd man, which by search doth find
His stoln stuff sold, must lose or buy't again; 10
The Sun of glory came down and was slain,
Us, whom he 'had made, and Satan stole, t' unbind.
'Twas much that man was made like God before,
But that God should be made like man much more. 14

XVI.

FATHER, part of his double interest
Unto thy kingdom thy Son gives to me;
His joynture, in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me his death's conquest.
This Lamb, whose death with life the world hath blest,

ODE.

I.

VENGEANCE will fit above our faults; but till
She there do fit
We see her not nor them. Thus blind, yet still ad
We lead her way; and thus whilst we do ill
We suffer it.

II.

Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill :
Enough we labour under age and care :
In number th' errors of the last place are
The greatest still.

THE

Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
As soon repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,
But past us; neither felt, but only in
The punishment.

IV

But we know ourselves least; more outward shows
Our minds so store,
That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
But form and colour: only he who knows
Himself knows more.

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Upon Mr. J. Donne and his Poems;
In memory of Dr. Donne, by Mr. R. B.
Epitaph on Dr. Donne, by Dr. Corbet, Bishop
of Oxford.
Epitaph upon Dr. Donne, by Henry Porter.
Epitaph.

SATIRES.

Satire I.
Satire II.
Satire III.
Satire IV.
Satire V.
Satire VI.

EPITAPHIALSONS: OR, MARRIAGE SONGS.

An Epitaphian on Frederick Count Palatine
of the Rhine and the Lady Elizabeth, being
married on St. Valentine's day.
Epitaphian on the late Colonel Innes,
Esq. deceased December 26. 1613.
His Sonnets.
Odes.

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END OF VOLUME FIRST.

